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These tough kids : echoes from the State Orphans' Home

Susan Fogarty Schwab
The University of Montana

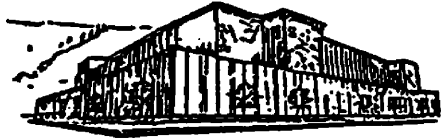
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These Tough Kids

Echoes from the State Orphans' Home

by

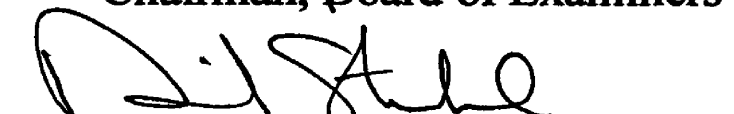
Susan Fogarty Schwab

B.A., University of Montana -- Missoula, 1986

**Presented in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
Master of Arts in Fine Arts, Integrated Arts and Education
University of Montana
2001**

Approved by


Chairman, Board of Examiners


Dean, Graduate School of Fine Arts

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These Tough Kids: Echoes from the State Orphans' Home (19 pages)

Committee Chair: Randy Bolton 

Oral histories were obtained, historical documents and newspaper articles were read, and personal interviews conducted in order to determine what it was like to live in the State Orphans' Home during 1935-1941.

Twenty oral histories recorded by the Montana Historical Society were listened to, ten personal interviews were conducted, and several articles and documents were read to learn about daily experiences and interaction. Minutes of the Executive Board of the orphanage were studied to determine the demands of running the institution. Personal family history was investigated through interviews, photographs, and letters. Personal letters, photographs and excerpts from oral histories and minutes were used to frame poetry that was written to communicate the children's experience. Material was compiled into a book and a public reading was presented. Among the audience were two individuals who had lived in the Home from 1935-1941.

It was discovered through the research that memory is not fixed. While many memories of common experiences were similar, others were not. In some cases, siblings did not even agree in their memories of the situations that placed them in the Home. Reactions to shared experiences also varied. Some individuals found the Home an improvement over their previous situations. Others resented living there. Nevertheless, an overall common reaction was one of loss. They were fed and clothed, but did not experience any love or affection, and they learned to shut down their emotions.

The greatest discovery this project presented was affirmation of the healing power of storytelling. Through the process of telling her story and seeing it transformed into poetry, one individual was able to let go of the shame and stigma she felt about living in the Home and recognize the strength and spirit she possessed.

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Reflection and Assessment

On a Saturday or Sunday we'd pile into our '67 green Rambler and hit the road. The car had no radio, so my mother would often lead us in song. One particular drive took us to Twin Bridges. As we drove past the grounds and the iron gates that marked the entrance of the Orphans' Home, my mother's rendition of "You Are My Sunshine" became very soft. I wondered why her mood had shifted. It was on this drive that my interest in the Twin Bridges Orphans' Home began. As I grew older, my mother shared her memories, and eventually her story took form.

It was 1935 during the Great Depression. A divorced father struggled with finding work and caring for his four young children. Ultimately he made the difficult decision to place his children in the hands of the state. He made an agreement to pay \$20 monthly for their care as a guarantee they would not be adopted out. There were many months he couldn't meet that obligation, but he sent what he could, and the children tried to get along without the comfort of each other. My mother was six years old when she entered the Home. Eventually the war demand for copper created steady work in the mines. With a stable income, my grandfather was able to retrieve his children from the orphanage. My mother had spent six years of her young life living apart from her father and separated from her siblings who were housed in different areas of the Home.

In 1997 I attended a Home reunion held on the grounds in Twin Bridges. I sat alone feeling awkward with my tape recorder, notebook, and a photograph of my mother and her siblings. It wasn't long before someone noticed the photo and remarked, "Oh, there's the McDonald kids." People quickly came forth with memories of my relatives and of their own stories. I felt welcomed into the family of "Home kids."

I walked the grounds where my mother spent her childhood and tried to imagine seeing it through a child's eyes. My feet carried me down the same sidewalks she traveled every day to the dining room, to school, and sometimes to visit her siblings. She had often communicated her disinterest in revisiting the Home; however, when I called her that night from Twin Bridges and asked her to come, she agreed. The next day she met me, and together we investigated the place she had left nearly 60 years earlier. We walked through the cottage where she lived. I stood at the tub where she bathed, the locker where she hung her clothes, the space where she slept. She remembered where she sat in the dining room, where the matron stood with the bell that she rang to signal the beginning and end of the meal. Her older sister worked serving food, and pointing to a place where shelving once had been, my mother recalled, "This is where your Aunt Ruth would hide extra food for our brother Bob."

Gaston Bachelard wrote, "The native house — lost, destroyed, razed — remains the main building for our reveries toward childhood."¹ As my mother and the other "kids" roamed the buildings they lived in as children, their memories rose up like mist from the warm earth, and the past was recreated. So many stories, so many different recollections. Some were similar in nature, but others were vastly different. In some situations, siblings even had different memories of how they came to be in the Home.

We remember events differently, even though the facts of the event are the same.

¹ Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Reverie: Childhood, Language, and the Cosmos*, (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969) 135.

According to Bachelard, “the past is not stable; it does not return to the memory either with the same traits or in the same light. As soon as the past is situated within a network of human values, within the inner values of a person who does not forget it, it appears with the double force of the mind.”²

Marc Polonsky says, “What is memory, after all, but a story we make of our lives?”³ He adds,

This is not to say that nothing has an independent reality outside our minds, nor is it to say that if something traumatic or unjust has occurred, it’s only because you are ‘making it up.’ It might be more accurate to say that life, as we experience it, is a kind of collaboration between what we imagine and the phenomena/events bearing on us that we don’t actively imagine...We take what life gives us, or we take from life what we desire, and we spin our lives out of this raw material. This is known as ‘being human.’⁴

In 1939 a death occurred at the Home. A cow had wandered over from a neighboring pasture and a young man was sent to fetch it. Somehow a small child got behind one of the animals and was kicked in the head. She suffered a fractured skull and died a few days later. The event was recorded in the Superintendent’s minutes:

June: I regret to report a sad accident which occurred last evening shortly after all the children had returned safely from their school picnics. A cow strayed from Reids into our pasture. Mr. Reid sent a young man to return the animal. In rounding it up he came between the cottages and onto the playground where

² Bachelard, 104

³ Marc Polonsky, *The Poetry Reader’s Toolkit: A Guide to reading and Understanding Poetry* (Lincolnwood: NTC Publishing group, 1998) 72.

⁴ Polonsky, 79

the little children were at play. Here a little girl ran behind the animal and got kicked in the head causing a compound fracture of the skull.⁵

When I asked about the event, individuals had different memories of it. One person remembered a horse and wagon going through the grounds. Someone said the horse kicked the child. Another remembered the cow had kicked the girl. Still another wrote in his memoir that a drunken cowboy riding backwards on his horse was the cause of the accident.

What was it like for a child living in the Home? What was it like for my mother? That question originally drove this project. I listened to oral histories recorded by the Montana Historical Society during the 1995 reunion at the Home. Individual memories of the Home varied. Some thought it was an improvement over what their previous situations offered. At least in the Home they had food, clothing, and a place to sleep. Others tried repeatedly to run away. I was dismayed to hear information deleted from some of the histories and was told it had been censored by the Historical Society for privacy concerns. Typically the deleted information dealt with physical treatment children had endured. It angered me that these adults had been given an opportunity to tell their stories and then their stories were censored. This was their experience, and I felt they had a right to tell their entire story. I was also struck by the communication and content of information I received through the histories and through my personal

⁵ Meetings of Executive Board (June, 1939), Feb. 7, 1934 - Feb. 3, 1944, Series No. 95, Box 4, Montana Children's Center, Montana State Archives, Montana Historical Society, Helena, MT.

interviews. Some individuals obviously felt bitter about their experiences, while others focused on the benefits. Underlying the information, whether it was positive or negative, was a sense of loss. I felt an obligation to communicate through poetry what it was like to be a child living in a place absent of love, to let the voice speak of sorrow, fear, pain, anger, and to reflect the tenacious spirit of the child. I used information from the histories and from interviews with relatives and other residents to create the poetry. In the poems Ollie O'Leary represents the female experience and is the voice of the child who has a parent who still cares for her. Russell is the male experience and is the voice of the child who has no meaningful adult in his life.

As I continued my research, I realized a child's daily experience was only a part of the picture. I had to expand my perspective. I included excerpts from the Superintendent's minutes that reveal the pressures and demands of running an institution like the Orphans' Home. The letters I obtained from my mother's file reflect the struggles and maneuverings of the adults. This material helped frame the poetry and create a more comprehensive representation.

I have heard many stories and I cannot question the validity of any of them. While I understand and respect the variety of memories, I tried to include information that I found in more than one source. Each memory, however, is real to the person to whom it belongs. All must be honored. All must be maintained. It is my hope through this project to help preserve the memories of the Home Kids.

After completing my research material, I began the task of sifting through the letters in my mother's file to determine which ones would best help illustrate the

struggles and personalities of the Home superintendent, my grandfather, and grandmother. I listened to the oral histories again and reviewed my notes from personal interviews and began writing the poetry. My first attempt yielded several different voices. A committee member suggested I explore the relationships between the voices before I write any more poetry. After considering this, I decided to narrow the poems to one male and one female voice, and each would represent the experiences of that gender. Because the work was already layered with letters and excerpts, I decided it would be best to keep the poetry layer simple. The third step in this process required that I review my research material again and extract quotes that would help frame the poetry. I was required to obtain permission from the Montana Historical Society in order to use any material from the oral histories. While researching on the internet, I also discovered that I should obtain permission from individuals to use the photographs they had given me. I completed those tasks and began considering placement of the material into the book.

At this point I had to make some decisions about which letters to scan and which would be all right to retype. I decided to retype the institution letters from the Home superintendent and the letters about my grandmother. I wanted the authenticity of the handwritten letters of my grandparents. However, most of my grandmother's letters were difficult to read because of her handwriting and the crossed-out censored material, I decided to type excerpts from them and superimpose them over the scanned letters. A friend scanned the documents for me and I scanned the photos at Kinko's. Everything was in place to begin layout. Because I am familiar with PageMaker, I decided that

would be the most efficient program to use. I loaded the program and was all set to delve into the layout. However, much to my dismay and frustration, I could not access any of the material I had typed. My computer expert friend figured out a way to import the poems, letters, and excerpts, but it required me to retype some of the material and to copy and save the rest as rich text, all of which was a very time intensive task.

I gave copies of the draft to eight individuals. As I expected and hoped for, their feedback was varied. I rewrote the introduction at least four times. However, there are still revisions I would like to make to “unpack” the information in it and in the historical overview, but those will need to wait until I have more time for further research. Overall, the feedback was very positive. The most contrasting pieces of feedback came from a bookstore owner who holds a BA in literature and MA in linguistics and from an English teacher. The bookstore owner nailed me solidly on weaknesses in the introduction and historical overview. She based her evaluation on what an individual anywhere in the country would need in order to understand the full story. While she found that part of the book lacking, she loved the poetry and strongly suggested I consider publishing. On the reverse end of the scale, the English teacher found little to say about the introduction and overview, but had plenty of comments regarding the poetry. She thought the Ollie poems were incomplete, and she had problems with lines or images she thought were too abstract. She thought the Russell poems were strong overall, and suggested I strengthen the voice of Ollie. I was struggling with how to approach revising the poems, with what I should change. I commented to my brother-in-

law one afternoon about the feedback. His advice soothed my confusion. He said, “Art is art. You wrote those poems using *your* art. Her comments reflected how she would write the poems using *her* sense of art.” With that in mind, I looked at the poems and made changes regarding line breaks and word choice, but I kept the simplicity of Ollie’s voice. I realized I wanted her to be small in voice and body because I think it was her way of surviving the Home. If she disappeared and kept everything locked up, and if she didn’t acknowledge events, perhaps they didn’t happen. Russell, on the other hand, wore his anger, and perhaps it was that anger that got him through his experiences.

In viewing the entire project, I believe I have satisfied my goal. Feedback I have received from readers verifies that the inclusion of letters and excerpts from oral histories and superintendent notes successfully frame the poetry and together create a complete picture of the experience of living in the Home. The book also seems to inspire an interest in readers to investigate and write about their own family story. That reaction implies a universal chord of interest in understanding family histories. Cary Gubler, my brother-in-law who has known my mother for 28 years, summarized the effect of the material this way: “I have a much better understanding of your mother now, and I also have a much better understanding of your sister.”

I have also achieved a better understanding of my mother and of myself. I now more fully understand my mother’s inability to emote and her fierce need for privacy and respect for others’ privacy. Because my mother was only two years old, when her father and mother divorced, she has no clear memory of her mother. Through the letters I found in my research I have gained a small picture of my grandmother. I don’t like the

way she attempted to manipulate her children, but I like that she was unorthodox in her thinking and actions. Perhaps that is where I acquired part of my character that likes to be different and prefers to be on the edge of mainstream society.

The greatest success of this project is registered in my mother's reaction. I felt daunted by the prospect of writing the poetry because it seemed presumptuous to think I could relate an experience I did not endure, but when I saw my mother's face and listened to her speak of the Home, I was moved to try to speak what she could not say herself. Her comment after reading the material confirmed my success: "You know I cannot show emotion, but I'm impressed with your intuition, with how you know what it felt like."

When I first began investigating the Home, my mother was reticent and resisted my efforts. She felt I was prying into her life, and most often her responses would be curt. However, I persisted with my questions, and each time I brought up the Home, I tried to communicate that I was genuinely interested in her experience. Slowly over time, her hostility lessened, and when she agreed to meet me in Twin Bridges in 1997 to walk through the grounds, I felt I had succeeded in some small way in positively reconnecting her with her past. From that moment on, she freely shared her stories.

Earlier this year after visiting with one of my committee members, I decided to present this project through a public reading. I experienced some trepidation because it is easier for me to simply give the book to people and walk away, and thus save myself the distress of witnessing their reaction. I was also fearful of my mother's reaction. I knew she would be angry and feel that I was parading her life in public. I could not have been

more wrong in my assumption. When I told her of the plan to present the book with a public reading, her face lit up and she asked if she could attend. At that point I realized just how completely successful this project has been in helping to heal her painful past. Somehow, perhaps my interest in her life, the poetry, and the idea that other people found her story interesting have worked together to erase the shame and stigma she felt about living in the Home. Further testimony is her reaction at seeing her photograph on the cover. Rather than the expected dismay, she gleefully exclaimed, “Oh, that’s *me* on the cover!” I feel as though I’ve taken my mother’s hand and walked her through a tunnel of anger and shame to a more neutral place where she can look at her experiences without the bitterness and see the strength and spirit she possessed.

Planning the presentation of the book initially caused a substantial amount of stress. I wanted to keep it simple. I knew I wanted people whom I trusted to help read. Everyone I contacted agreed to read. I selected the letter excerpts and poems for the reading. I was feeling nervous about publicly reading the book, but felt relieved that I would be surrounded on stage by supportive people I knew. Then the mini-crisis occurred. The person I asked to read the Russell poems backed out. All the anxiety that I had managed to stave off came rushing in. Self-doubt, fear, now this cancellation, I was ready to bag the whole idea. But I couldn’t stop seeing my mother’s face when she learned there would be a public reading. So I rallied.

I participate in an event we call Sip ‘n Read. Once a month we get together to sip wine, eat sweets, and read pieces of literature aloud to each other. The man who started it loves to read and has a rich, soothing voice. I thought of him, called, and thankfully he

agreed to drive to Missoula to participate in the reading. I rearranged my plan and gave the Russell poems to someone else and gave the superintendent letters to my friend Steve Tanner. I learned to trust and everything works out. I couldn't have made a better choice than Steve. He has approached the task very professionally. He has developed a strong sense of the superintendent's character and has read the entire book to gain a full understanding of the story. He loved the Russell poems and wants to read them at one of our Sip 'n Reads, because they get him "all fired up."

I understand the direct impact music has on an individual. I wanted music as a part of my presentation, but I am not a musical person. My husband is, however, and is a talented songwriter, as well. I asked him to write a song. I explained to him the feeling I wanted the music to evoke and the tempo I wanted him to use. He played around with different melodies until I heard one I thought worked to create the mood and feeling I wanted. He began the lyrics and collaborated with my brother-in-law to complete the song, "Ghosts of the Home." (Please refer to Appendix I.) I started this project, certainly, but in many ways, it has been a family effort to create this story, this gift to my mother.

As the date of the performance drew nearer, my level of anxiety rose. After reading "Dance and the Lived Body" by Sondra Horton Fraleigh, I realized I had to shift my thinking about performing. My whole intent in writing this book was to give life to the voices of the children who endured living in the Home. I had to let go of my ego and let the material speak for itself. Fraleigh says, "part of the work's reason for being is not realized until it becomes an aesthetic object for others, until it is finally subjectively

realized in them, lived through their own experience.”⁶ Although Fraleigh’s discussion is based on dancing, I saw the connection to performing in general. She says:

To express or to give form to something to be received by an other, whether in words or in movement, is to manifest one’s body toward the other. The knower (the other) and the known (the dancer) become dynamically interrelated in a communicative process through the object (the dance), which mediates what can be known (the substance of the dance). If I dance only for myself, I am not brought into a dynamic intersubjective relation with the other. I am simply bound up in my own subjectivity. I am not required to meet the objective world where concrete things are presented, known, and qualified as art.⁷

I realized if I truly wanted to bring the story of the Home kids to life, I needed to read the work publicly. It became clear to me that through the reading the story would truly come to life. I also realized I needed to do it for myself. Fraleigh quotes Ricoeur: “what I shall be is not already given but depends on what I shall do. My possible being depends on my possible doing.”⁸ I came to understand that I needed to read my poems to an audience in order to progress as an artist and a person. Through my doing, I would realize different possibilities.

Despite the anxiety of organizing and shaping the presentation (which I wouldn’t have been able to do without the competent knowledge of my friends), I enjoyed the presentation. I actually loved being inside the reading and hearing it come alive around me. It was interesting to also be aware of the audience reaction. At one point I heard my mother laugh when she heard Maribeth Rothwell read my grandmother’s letters. I knew then that Maribeth had precisely interpreted Beatrice’s character.

⁶ Sondra Horton Fraleigh, *Dance and the Lived Body: A Descriptive Aesthetics*, (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1987), 35.

⁷ Fraleigh, 36

⁸ Fraleigh, 27

A surprise in the audience was the presence of my uncle Robert McDonald. I wasn't sure how he would react. It was obvious he enjoyed the presentation and was proud of the stories that reflected his experience, and he wanted the audience to know it was he who had saved the horses from the fire. It was he who had run away and he was the one who stole the chicken. He told me, "It was just like being there again." My mother also had the sensation of experiencing events again. She was struck with how much Maribeth and Bolton Rothwell were able to embody the voices of her parents. Although she was embarrassed that I introduced her to the audience, I sense she was also proud.

I have used this project in my classes multiple times as an example of writing and qualitative research. Students have enjoyed my stories of research and have benefited from my sharing work with them. They have been able to see how I use the process I'm teaching them. I think, too, they appreciate that I shared my poetry with them and asked for their feedback. They witnessed and participated in the writing process with me as the learner rather than in my usual role of instructor.

The most difficult aspect of this project has been using technology to create the book. I learned to call upon friends for their expertise with computers, which was difficult for me because I like to feel independent and don't like to impose on others. I learned also to be flexible and patient. When my project was finally ready to photocopy, I took it to Kinko's and trusted them with reproducing copies. When I picked up the packets, I realized several pages had not photocopied. I left instructions to drill small

holes in the covers I made for the twine I wanted to use for binding. However, when I picked them up, I saw that the covers had been drilled with a large bit. I had to let go of my original vision and create an alternative plan for the binding. I also had to work patiently with the employees of Kinko's to solve the photocopying problem. Patience is not a trademark of my personality, but I realized that the problems had to be addressed and that being irritable would only exacerbate the situation. Because I remained calm, the employees were calm, and the problems were remedied in a positive way. This was a significant lesson for me to learn as an artist and a teacher.

Creating this project has also shown me that I do have an ability to recognize a good story and to manifest something that impacts others. My greatest fear as a writer was that my work would not evoke any emotional response. I would like to publish this book, but I wasn't sure if the story or work would satisfy a larger audience. In May of this year I returned to Twin Bridges in hopes of finding a man who attended the 1995 reunion of Home kids and never left. He drove his vintage bus into one of the buildings and became the unofficial caretaker of the grounds. I was told he was still there. I thought an interview with him -- the child returned -- would create a good conclusion for my project. I found Henry Lockwood and spent the morning and afternoon with him. That visit rekindled my obsession with the story of the Home kids. I could not sleep and early Tuesday morning rose to write to Dennis Aig, a filmmaker in Bozeman and professor at MSU. His response verified that this story is important, and that perhaps my goal of publishing it is not unreasonable. (See Appendix II)

**APPENDIX I: "Ghosts of the Home" -- Music by Steve Schwab,
lyrics by Steve Schwab and Cary Gubler**

Ghosts of the Home

**Dear Mr. Davey I'm sorry to say
I can't keep my kids on a poor miner's pay
I'll bring 'em from Butte whenever you say
Can you keep 'em till I'm on my feet again?**

**Dear Mr. Davey as I write you this note
I've got Bobby McDonald in his mackinaw coat
The runaway letter that he never wrote
Weighs heavily on his sad expression**

**Ghosts of the home
A tangled web of memories where ever I roam
That's me in the photograph
Older than my years
Twin Bridges over a river of tears**

**I'm surrounded by people but I'm here all alone
I can't find a way out and I can't use the phone
I get my three squares a day why should I moan
Has mother ever asked for me?**

Chorus repeat

**That old battle ax she fills me with fear
My only good friend I find in the mirror
I've learned how to fight and never shed a tear
It is better to never feel**

Chorus repeat

**Dear Mr. Davey I'm so happy to say
After six long years I have found a way
To support my children on a Butte miner's pay
I will collect them a week from Sunday**

APPENDIX II: Correspondence with Dennis Aig, Hunter Neil Company, Bozeman, Montana (dennisaig@imt.net)

From: S. Schwab
To: Dennis Aig
Sent: Tuesday, May 29, 2001 7:21 AM
Subject: ...a Home for the Care and Education of Orphans, Foundlings, and Destitute Children...

Dennis,

It's 5 am Tuesday morning and I cannot sleep. Images of Henry Lockwood sitting on the steps of the State Orphans' Home in Twin Bridges haunt me. The first time I saw him was in 1997 at a reunion for "Home Kids" at the Home. My mother lived there from 1935 to 1941, and I have been fascinated with her life there for as long as I can remember. I went to the reunion hoping to find stories and to connect with her past in some way. After everyone left the grounds for the day, I stayed. I wanted to get a sense of the spirit of the place. I wasn't alone, though. There was an old, gray-bearded man riding a bicycle along the sidewalks. I shot a photograph of him from the second story of Main Hall and the thought occurred to me that he was like the spirit of the children. A week later I read about him in the Montana Standard. He grew up in the Home and had attended the first reunion in 1995. He never left. He pulled his old school bus into one of the buildings and became the unofficial caretaker of his home. Eventually the town of Twin Bridges strung a power line out to him and bought him a new wood stove so he could endure the winters with more comfort.

I met him yesterday. I'm wrapping up my final creative project for my Masters with the Creative Pulse program at U of M. I've compiled a book about the Home. My original thesis was to communicate what it was like to be a child living there. My research, however, has made me expand that thesis somewhat. I accessed my mother's file that contained letters between Superintendent Davey and my grandfather and his estranged wife and censored letters she wrote to her children. The book contains some of those letters because they tell the story of a single father trying to care for his children and of the demands of running an institution like the Home. They also show the manipulations of a woman trying to turn her children against their father. The letters and excerpts from the Superintendent's minutes help frame poems I've written that I think reflect the children's experiences. The poems are based on my mother's and uncle's stories, personal interviews, and oral histories recorded by the Montana Historical Society in 1995. The last photograph in the book is the one I snapped of Henry Lockwood in 1997. I went to Twin Bridges yesterday in hopes of finding him. I thought his story of the child returned would make a good conclusion.

Why am I telling you this? Because of your expertise with documentaries. Part of me feels shy about presenting this story to you. But most of me feels so strongly about the children of the Home that it overrides any hesitancy. Gaston Bachelard wrote in his book *THE POETICS OF REVERIE*, "The native house -- lost, destroyed, razed -- remains the main building for our reveries toward childhood." Henry Lockwood has returned to the reveries of his childhood. He has returned to protect the place of his childhood, his home. He is a tremendous human being who speaks often of the spirit. I think my first thought about him was correct. He IS the spirit of the children. He isn't the only child to return, though. Bill Hanley lived in the Home also and has recently returned to Twin Bridges. He is safeguarding the Home in a different way. He is the person responsible for organizing the two reunions. He is also responsible for chronicling the history of the Home with his efforts to build the museum in Twin Bridges that houses memories

of the orphanage. When I first thought of doing my project, I considered making a film because I thought the images of the buildings were so haunting. It's a captivating place. There's Main Hall, nicknamed "the Castle" that housed the dining hall where children were marched like soldiers three times a day. There are the cottages where children lived according to age and gender. There's the school, the gym with its famous "plunge", the hospital. There's also Henry Lockwood who trims the hedges, rakes up pine cones and old shingles, who tries to repair the damage of time and vandals. But I'm no filmmaker. My poems will have to do. But YOU are a filmmaker. I know you are extremely busy, but I ask you to please seriously consider this as a story worth telling. Time is working against possibility. The buildings are in serious disrepair. The children who lived there before the institution changed its philosophy toward children and became the Montana Children's Center are aging. Henry Lockwood will be 79 in July. His time as caretaker is dwindling. There are other children who have their stories. There's Noel Freedman who still has the diary he kept, and it is filled with wonderful observations. There are hundreds of children with stories to tell. They lived feeling like rejects. They felt abandoned and unloved. They were mistreated and forgotten. Please, before they die, can you bring their stories to light?
Susan

From: "Dennis Aig"
To: S Schwab
Sent: Wednesday, May 30, 2001 10:42 PM
Subject: ..a Home for the Care and Education of Orphans, Foundlings, and Destitute Children...

Susan,

Forgive me for not answering sooner, but I wanted a few days to think about your very powerful message. Ironically - and, perhaps, fortunately - I am dealing with a project about foster children in Los Angeles resulting from the film version of Jane Fitchit's WHITE OLEANDER, which my friend Patrick Markey (who did RIVER and HORSE WHISPERER) is producing. If you are unfamiliar with it, the book (and the film, which is starring Michelle Pfeiffer, Renee Zellweger, and Robin Wright Penn), is about a 14-year-old who is placed into foster care when her single mom murders an unfaithful lover. The book is quite popular, an Oprah selection, etc.

Another producer based in LA and I worked up a proposal for a companion documentary, which we think Warner Brothers will because they do see the value of it. So, when I recieved your e-mail, I thought, this is strange karma here, since, while not exactly the same thing, the two do deal with children who do not fit into the usual categories.

From your description, I can see two possibilities: a documentary and a fiction piece, both of which would do justice to the history of the site. In order for me to have a better idea of the scope of the subject, do you have anything completed that I could read? or, even if not completed, something that provides more details about the Home and your mother's story? (I assume at least part of your thesis is in draft form.) I would simply read it, and, if you like, we can sign a clearance form, which provides content protection for both of us.

From what you have told me, I think there is great potential here and your passion for the story is quite clear. Let me know what you would like to do. Feel free to call me, too, if you like. My cell number is 580-2298 and my production office number is 585-7414.

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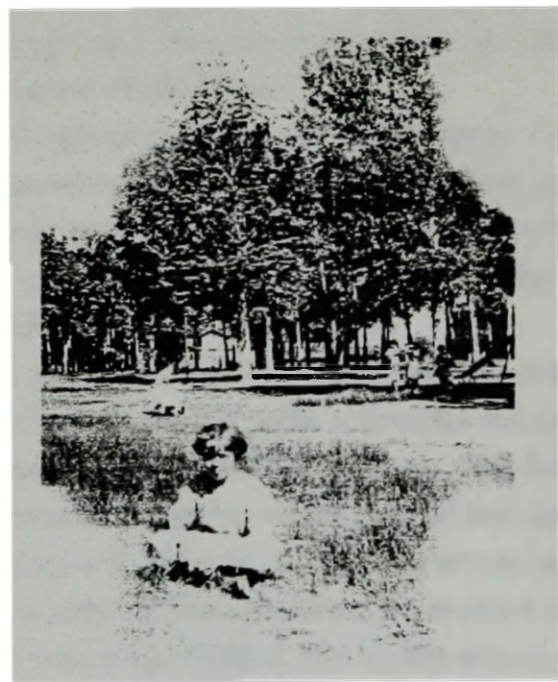
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These Tough Kids

Echoes from the State Orphans' Home



by Susan Fogarty Schwab

On a Saturday or Sunday we'd pile into our '67 green Rambler and hit the road. The car had no radio, so my mother would often lead us in song. One particular drive took us to Twin Bridges. As we drove past the grounds and the iron gates that marked the entrance of the Orphans' Home, my mother's rendition of "You Are My Sunshine" became very soft. I wondered why her mood had shifted. It was on this drive that my interest in the Twin Bridges Orphans' Home began. As I grew older, my mother shared her memories, and eventually her story took form.

It was 1935 during the Great Depression. A divorced father struggled with finding work and caring for his four young children. Ultimately he made the difficult decision to place his children in the hands of the state. He made an agreement to pay \$20 monthly for their care as a guarantee they would not be adopted out. There were many months he couldn't meet that obligation, but he sent what he could, and the children tried to get along without the comfort of each other. My mother was six years old when she entered the Home. Eventually the war demand for copper created steady work in the mines. With a stable income, my grandfather was able to retrieve his children from the orphanage. My mother had spent six years of her young life living apart from her father and separated from her siblings who were housed in different areas of the Home.

In 1997 I attended a Home reunion held on the grounds in Twin Bridges. I sat alone feeling awkward with my tape recorder, notebook, and a photograph of my mother and her siblings. It wasn't long before someone noticed the photo and remarked, "Oh, there's the McDonald kids." People quickly came forth with memories of my relatives and of their own stories. I felt welcomed into the family of "Home kids."

I walked the grounds where my mother spent her childhood and tried to imagine seeing it through a child's eyes. My feet carried me down the same sidewalks she traveled every day to the dining room, to school, and sometimes to visit her siblings. She had often communicated her disinterest in revisiting the Home; however, when I called her that night from Twin Bridges and asked her to come, she agreed. The next day she met me, and together we investigated the place she had left nearly 60 years earlier. We walked through the cottage where she lived. I stood at the tub where she bathed, the locker where she hung her clothes, the space where she slept. She remembered where she sat in the dining room, where the matron stood with the bell that she rang to signal the beginning and end of the meal. Her older sister worked serving food, and pointing to a place where shelving once had been, my mother recalled, "This is where your Aunt Ruth would hide extra food for our brother Bob."

Gaston Bachelard wrote, "The native house — lost, destroyed, razed — remains the main building for our reveries toward childhood."¹ As my mother and the other "kids" roamed the buildings they lived in as children, their memories rose up like mist from the warm earth, and the past was recreated. So many stories, so many different recollections.

Some were similar in nature, but others were vastly different. In some situations, siblings even had different memories of how they came to be in the Home.

We remember events differently, even though the facts of the event are the same. According to Bachelard, "the past is not stable; it does not return to the memory either with the same traits or in the same light. As soon as the past is situated within a network of human values, within the inner values of a person who does not forget it, it appears with the double force of the mind."²

Marc Polonsky says, "What is memory, after all, but a story we make of our lives?"³ He adds,

This is not to say that nothing has an independent reality outside our minds, nor is it to say that if something traumatic or unjust has occurred, it's only because you are 'making it up.' It might be more accurate to say that life, as we experience it, is a kind of collaboration between what we imagine and the phenomena/events bearing on us that we don't actively imagine... We take what life gives us, or we take from life what we desire, and we spin our lives out of this raw material. This is known as 'being human.'⁴

In 1939 a death occurred at the Home. A cow had wandered over from a neighboring pasture and a young man was sent to fetch it. Somehow a small child got behind one of the animals and was kicked in the head. She suffered a fractured skull and died a few days later. The event was recorded in the Superintendent's minutes:

June: I regret to report a sad accident which occurred last evening shortly after all the children had returned safely from their school picnics. A cow strayed from Reids into our pasture. Mr. Reid sent a young man to return the animal. In rounding it up he came between the cottages and onto the playground where the little children were at play. Here a little girl ran behind the animal and got kicked in the head causing a compound fracture of the skull.⁵

When I asked about the event, individuals had different memories of it. One person remembered a horse and wagon going through the grounds. Someone said the horse kicked the child. Another remembered the cow had kicked the girl. Still another wrote in his memoir that a drunken cowboy riding backwards on his horse was the cause of the accident.

What was it like for a child living in the Home? What was it like for my mother? That question originally drove this project. As I continued my research, I realized a

child's daily experience was only a part of the picture. I had to expand my perspective. I have included excerpts from the Superintendent's minutes that reveal the pressures and demands of running an institution like the Orphans' Home. The letters I obtained from my mother's file reflect the struggles and maneuverings of the adults. The poems I've written and the excerpts from oral histories speak of the children's experience. In the poems Ollie O'Leary represents the female experience and is the voice of the child who has a parent who still cares for her. Russell is the male experience and is the voice of the child who has no meaningful adult in his life.

I have heard many stories and I cannot question the validity of any of them. Each memory is real to the person to whom it belongs. All must be honored. All must be maintained. It is my hope to help preserve the memories of the Home Kids.



....
Daniel McDonald and his children: Dan and Ruth (back),
Bob and Shirley (front)
State Orphans' Home, 1936

An Act to Provide a Home for the Care and Education of Orphans, Foundlings, and Destitute Children, and to Provide for Its Maintenance and Management.

Section 1. There is hereby established to be located and permanently maintained at or within one mile of the town of Twin Bridges, in the County of Madison, a Home for the Support and Care of Orphans, foundlings and destitute children resident within the State of Montana.

Approved Mch. 2, 1893 ⁶



Main Hall, also known as the "Castle" State Orphans' Home
Twin Bridges, Montana -- August, 1997

With the approval of the act of 1893, the State Legislature created the State Orphans' Home of Montana. The Home opened September 26, 1894, with an enrollment of five children and one building. Because of insufficient funds, it was decided to erect a large building that would form a central or assembly building in the event additional buildings or cottages were added later. The building, known as Main Hall, or the Castle, was built to accommodate about sixty persons. The first floor had a dining room, kitchen, store room, laundry, washroom and toilets. On the second floor were two large school rooms, a nursery, an office for the superintendent, and the teachers' apartments. The third floor contained dormitories for attendants and children, a matron's office and sleeping room. After additional buildings were constructed, Main Hall was used to house older girls, as well as the dining room, bakery, butcher shop, storeroom, and administrative offices.

The Home, located on approximately 212 acres, was completely self-sufficient. The grounds contained boys and girls cottages, an administration building, hospital, school, gymnasium and "plunge" (swimming pool), nursery, shoe shop, laundry, steam plant, storehouse, root cellar, barns, and agricultural sections. They raised milk cows, cattle, pigs, and poultry. They grew wheat, corn, potatoes and other vegetables, and also processed their own milk and dairy products.

Upon admittance into the Home, children were placed in a detention hospital for a short period in order to keep infectious diseases from spreading; they were then placed into a cottage according to age. Each cottage housed approximately 50 children, depending on the population. Cottage One housed girls aged approximately 6-10; Cottage Two was for girls 11-14; and LG (large girls) located in Main Hall housed girls 15-18. Boys were housed in Cottages Three, Four and Five. Boys and girls cottages were located in separate areas.

Children kept their clothes in lockers that were located adjacent to washing facilities. Beds were placed along walls in an open dormitory style. The matron's sleeping area and a general sitting area were located on the ground floor of each cottage.

Children were not allowed to visit with children from other cottages, and play areas were segregated by age. They were educated in the ten room school house until the eighth grade and were scholastically and athletically competitive with surrounding schools. High school students crossed the bridge to attend school in Twin Bridges. Residents attended shows at the local theatre on Saturdays, and they were allowed one hour on Sundays during which they could visit with their siblings and with children from different cottages.

The children's lives were structured and disciplined. The goal of the institution was to provide a well-balanced

program for the growth of boys and girls. The program was "made up of proportionate parts of work, play, educational training, physical care and Christian teachings."⁷ They were expected to work. The boys worked the farm. They also worked in the shoe shop and gardens. The girls worked in the bakery, laundry, kitchen, dining room, cottages, sewing room, garden, hospital, and nursery. Janitorial services were not necessary because the children cleaned all the facilities. Many went into military service during WWII and found service life easy because it paralleled their lives in the Home.

Approximately 5,900 children lived in the Home through the years it remained in operation until its closure in 1975. In 1936 the hardship of the Depression resulted in the highest enrollment of 327. When my mother and her siblings entered the Home in 1935, there were 300 children. They were identified by the following classifications: "Both parents living, 167; with mother dead 86; with one parent living and the parent unknown, 20; with mother living and father dead, 20; and only 7 orphans."⁸

In the 1950s the farm was discontinued and new buildings constructed. Discipline was handled in new ways; social workers were hired to direct the children's time and a new attitude of counseling came into use. A Food Center was added in 1959 and High Boys and High Girls Cottages in the 1960s. These new cottages resembled college dorms in their use of

private rooms that allowed children more privacy. The institution changed its name and became the Children's Center in 1970. The Legislature failed to fund the institution in 1975 and it closed its doors. The 50 children living in the Center were dispersed to foster and group homes.

Five Whitehall businessmen made a bid to buy the Center in 1979. That deal fell through. For the last ten years the Center has belonged to an absentee landowner living in California. As the years pass, the decomposition of the buildings increases. It is currently for sale.

A reunion organized by former residents was held on the grounds in 1995 and 1997. Organizers have located approximately 500 names and addresses of people who lived in or worked in the Home. No further reunions are planned.

Between 92 and 123 children are buried in the state cemetery plot on the grounds. Most of the deaths occurred between 1900 and 1920 when flu epidemics swept the country. "In 1907 there were lots of death and sickness...Home was visited by two of the most virulent and dangerous diseases known to medical science."⁹ Until recently, only small concrete blocks marked the graves. A monument was created through the efforts of former State Orphans' Home children and was dedicated during the 1995 reunion. It reads, GOD'S ORPHANS NOW.

What a tension of childhoods there must be held in reserve at the bottom of our being, for a poet's image to make us suddenly relive our memories, reimagining our images by starting from well assembled words. For the poet's image is a spoken image; it is not an image which our eyes see. One feature of the spoken image is sufficient for us to read the poem as the echo of a vanished past.

GASTON BACHELARD

1930 139

Childrens clothes

Shirts	1.50	- 8-1-	30
Caps	1.40	- 8-5-	20
Colls	1.00	- 8-10-	30
Colls	.85	- 8-18-	30
Shoes	2.45	- 9-7-	20
Pajamas	.78	- 9-12-	20
Cap	.69	- 9-12-	30
Colls	1.00	- 9-16-	30
Usuit	.69	- 9-20-	30
2 Shirts ⁷⁰	1.40	- 9-22-	30
2 Usuits ⁹⁸	1.96	- 9-26-	30
4 socks ²⁵	1.00	- 10-2-	30
5 Colls ¹⁰⁰	1.85	- 10-7-	30
1 shoes	1.98	- 10-10-	30
1 pants	1.98	- 10-20-	30
1 suit	8.00	- 10-10-	30
2 Usuits ⁸⁹	1.78	- 10-18-	30
1 Pajamas	1.09	- 12-1-	30
1 Usuit	.98	- 12-10-	30

ON MARCH 20, 1929, DANIEL AND BEATRICE McDONALD WERE DIVORCED IN BUTTE, MONTANA. DANIEL WAS AWARDED CUSTODY OF HIS FOUR CHILDREN. AS A SINGLE FATHER, HE STRUGGLED TO WORK AND TO CARE FOR HIS CHILDREN DURING THE GREAT DEPRESSION.

COPY

D.J. O'CONNOR
Chief Probation Officer

Mrs. Johanna O'Neil
Mrs. Mary Harrington
Probation Officers

JUVENILE COURT

JEREMIAH J. LYNCH, Judge

BUTTE, Montana
May, 31st., 1932;

Public Welfare Bureau, Inc.,
Portland,
Oregon;

Re -- De Bord Family;

My Dear Miss Gordon;

Yours of May 28th., at hand and contents noted. Will say in reply that I furnished Mr. McDonald, the ex-husband of Mrs. Hash-McDonald-DeBord, with all the data, and also your address and instructed him to call on you when he arrived in Portland. He had an order signed by Judge W.E. Carroll of your City, asking for the custody of his two minor children. Your Court agreed with Judge Carroll, and returned the two children to Mr. McDonald. I have not seen him since that time and was under the impression that the matter was ended. I met Mrs. DeBord once when she was here last winter but did not talk to her. There is no record of her marriage to DeBord in this County but my recollection is that she was married at Anaconda, in Deer Lodge County, Montana. Mrs. Hash was placed on the Mothers Pension here in July 1920, and removed therefrom in November, 1920, because her having her children in the Orphans Home. As you undoubtedly know Mrs. DeBoard better than I do it would be needless to tell you her peculiarities. She will make her home wherever she feels the spirit moves her and I don't know of anyone that can change her ideas.

Respectfully,

(signed) D.J. O'Connor
Chief Probation Officer

BEATRICE HASH-MCDONALD-DEBORD VIOLATED THE COURT RULING THAT AWARDED CUSTODY OF HER FOUR CHILDREN TO DANIEL MCDONALD AND TOOK HER TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS WITH HER TO OREGON. DANIEL EVENTUALLY TRACKED THEM DOWN AND WAS REUNITED WITH THE GIRLS.

EMPLOYEE'S STATEMENT—FOR MONTH OF

September 1933

Dan McDonald

NO.

IN ACCOUNT WITH

SEVIER VALLEY COAL CO.

THIS STATEMENT IS FURNISHED FOR EMPLOYEE'S INFORMATION AND HAS NO OTHER VALUE

EARNINGS				DEDUCTIONS			
		RATE	AMOUNT			AMOUNT	
<i>27</i>	HOURS	<i>5 3/4</i>	<i>14</i>	<i>18</i>	D DUE COMPANY FROM PRIOR MONTHS		
	HOURS				M MEDICAL DEPARTMENT	<i>1</i>	<i>50</i>
<i>204</i>	HOURS	<i>6 1/2</i>	<i>100</i>	<i>00</i>	L PERMISSIBLE LAMPS	<i>1</i>	<i>50</i>
	TONS				X <i>Bath</i>		<i>50</i>
	TONS				R RENT	<i>1</i>	<i>50</i>
	TONS				B BOARD	<i>40</i>	<i>00</i>
	YARDS				F FUEL		
	YARDS				<i>Phone</i>		<i>25</i>
	YARDS				A CASH		
					T TRADE COIN		
TOTAL			<i>154</i>	<i>18</i>	TOTAL		<i>45 25</i>
DUE COMPANY					DUE EMPLOYEE		<i>108 93</i>

DANIEL TRAVELED BETWEEN MONTANA AND UTAH, TRYING TO FIND ENOUGH WORK IN THE COPPER AND COAL MINES TO SUPPORT HIS FAMILY. OFTEN TIMES HE TOOK HIS CHILDREN WITH HIM TO UTAH WHERE THEY LIVED TOGETHER IN THE MINING CAMPS.

Olive O'Leary — August, 1935

Stretch of beds along these walls
like teeth in a comb,
but not enough beds,
so mine's this crib.

Taunting words slice
through the bars, "Baby, where's your bottle?
Baby need a diaper?"

My fist in her teeth
makes a pause
long enough
for her foot
to break my nose
on my first day in this place
they call the Home.



Shirley McDonald, Montana State Orphans'
Home, 1935

Russell -- September, 1935

You don't know this, but I dream
I'm back in Yankee Jim canyon at the cabin,
the seven of us
an' you an' Ma an' the wind is rattlin'
the window an' the Yellowstone is singin'
just for me.

But I can't remember what you look like, Pa
or Ma —
truth is, I don't remember much
but the Yellowstone singin'.

I know from talk that the court didn't put us up for adoption
that you were supposed to come get us

when you had work
when you could care for us.

But you didn't.

You an' Ma just had five more
an' left us here alone.

So I hope to god that you all get real good
an' sick
an' rot in hell.

October 18, 1935

Mrs. B. DeBord
97 N.E. Meikle Place
Portland, Oregon

My dear Mrs. De Bord:

Your letters to the children have been received. I am sorry but we do not feel that we can pass them on to your boys and girls.

We try to keep children happy here and this we cannot do when family troubles are allowed to reach them. We are sorry you and the children's father could not agree and were separated, but this of course was not the children's fault and they in the long run suffer most, do you not think?

There is no objection to your writing your children, but will you please cooperate with us by not writing any more family "gossip". Just write about the little everyday things that may interest them.

The children are well and apparently happy and we wish to keep them this way.

We shall tell the children about your letters and shall read them the parts they may know about but these letters cannot be passed to them.

Trusting you will see our side of the matter,

Very truly yours,

G. H. Davey
President

"When we first came here I guess the things that bothered me the worst...all of a sudden I was totally dependent....anything I did had to be cleared by the matron. We couldn't call home, our letters were censored."

Margaret Wiedman ¹⁰

1.

Portland Ore
Oct 13 / 1935

Dear Ruth & Shiley
Well Ruth I received your wonderful letter and you don't know how happy it made me feel to know where you are and to know you are all well as it leaves us at present. I know where

I know where you are now and I know you will be kept clean and warm and have your regular meals. Yes, Ruth if you dream & my dream could come true my wish I could have you children but I could never live with your dad again he promised me last spring that he would bring you back here for a visit but he took you to Butte instead and he told Mr. Pratt he know if I ever got you children I wouldn't give you up that's why he put you children in the home he knows I want you with me and I should have you he could just as well pay me to take care of you as any place else and besides have a mother's love for you all need a mother & father but generally a mother comes first but after he had that fractured skull he never was right but money can do lots of things when he can bribe lawyers & judges, its too bad but he is so stubborn and wants his own way about everything. He always had his own way about everything. But he thinks he can have children and take them away from their mother he really stole you children from me because I was given you children but he lied about everything and he was catholic and so lots others were and I wasn't so that's how he got you all but never mind dear he will be sorry someday but I am going to try and see you before long. I know know how soon but don't tell your Dad because he might take you away again like he did before when he had to appear before the Judge he took you children & disappeared with you all and how long it was before I heard from you I had Detectives looking for you all for 6 months. With oodles of love and kisses to you. Write soon from Moma

Delaware St.

Butte Mont.

Oct 24 - 1935

Twin Bridges Home,
Mr. Dancy.

Encloses please find
eight dollars. ^{\$8.00} on acct-

I hope everything is O.K.
with the children.

Very truly yours.

Daddy McDonald

Delaware St.

P.S. future payments will
be more regular -

Russell -- October, 1935

Sometimes night drops on this place
like a stone in a bucket.

We're like chickens scratchin' in the dirt all day,
peckin' at one another,
skitterin' clear of the matrons
fussin' with our chores and our readin' and our numbers

then night drops and we end up here
in our beds

Sometimes there's the rustlin' of bodies
somebody farts and we laugh

Sometimes it's a stone cold quiet
and the darkness between us
hides our tears.

"When you'd go to bed it would be silent. You could hear little snuffles here and there as the kids cried themselves to sleep. The kids that put on the face, but it seemed like the face that they wore during the day wasn't the face they went to sleep with at night. It was a different thing when everything was quiet and you were within your own thoughts.

Piipo Brothers "

Ollie O'Leary -- October, 1935

State Orphans' Home
Twin Bridges, Mont

Dear Father,

We had a geography bee in school yesterday and James won, but he'll probably write to tell you himself. Today Mrs. K gave a talk on Japan, about which we are studying in our geography book.

We had a basketball game with Sheridan Saturday night. There were three games, grade school, high school, and Sheridan's girls and Home girls. Sometimes I wish I could play, just to see Louisa more.

We had snow. It was quite cold for a couple of days.

I close with wishes and happiness.

Your daughter,
Ollie O'Leary

Daddy,

I hate these letters

they make us write every week

but never let us say what we want.

If I could write a real letter, I'd say

I'm lonely and feel dumb here,

They made us take a test the other day,

to check our mental hygiene --

"How many nickels and dimes does it take

to make a quarter?" and I couldn't answer,

just stared at the lady and swallowed but I didn't know,

Daddy, what's a quarter?

Louisa plays basketball real good, but she doesn't understand

why she can't cross the center line like the boys do.

She said she'd do it one day in a game, just to see

what it feels like to run up and down the whole length of the court.

She gets in so much trouble,

she never gets to go over town

to see the show and I don't get to see her

on Sunday either cause she can't learn to hold her tongue,

always has to work in that dumb nursery and I miss her so much,

and the boys.

I can tell James is getting lots of muscles on his arms.

He ran away, Daddy, got as far as the highway

before Mr. Davey picked him up. I was going to.

Me and Irene. Told her all we had to do was head past the water tower

to Butte, that you'd take care of us.

We snuck hot dogs and apples and stuffed them

in our bloomers, got the sled and headed for the tower.

But they got us before we got out of the yard.

They're mean here, the fuddy old matrons and kids, all but Irene.

One of them punched me hard in the face,

my eye got blacker than coal but I couldn't snitch,

said I fell on the stairs,

and I want to come home, Daddy. I'll be real good

I could get a job and Louisa could too and the boys

and we can take care of ourselves like we did before,

Daddy,

please.



**Water tower, Twin Bridges State Orphans' Home
August, 1997**

"No, I never got any money at all. I didn't even know... didn't even know what a quarter was when I left the orphanage. I knew what a dime and a nickel was but above that, I didn't know."

Dale Elergy¹²

October 31, 1935

Mr. Robert McDonald
308 North Arizona Street
Butte, Montana

Dear Mr. McDonald:

Robert's eyes have been causing him some bother lately with the result we have had to consult a specialist.

For the small sum of \$7.50 this can be righted. I feel sure you would wish this done rather than have his school work retarded.

We have no funds for this expense, hence I shall appreciate receiving this amount from you at your earliest convenience.

The order will be issued the doctor to provide the glasses as soon as we hear from you.

Very truly yours,

D. H. Davey
President

GHD:j

Some of the buildings are showing signs of the recent earth quakes, cracks showing up around some chimneys and corners of rooms. but no serious trouble is anticipated.

Superintendent minutes, Dec. 6, 1935 ¹³

1002 Delaware.

Butte Mont.

Nov 1 - 1935

Mr Davey

Twin Bridges, Home.

I am sending ten dollars -

\$10.00.

I rec'd your letter in regard
to Robert's eyes.

My wish is to have Robert's
eyes taken care of.

I ask you to please deduct -
the same from this money.
to apply on the glasses.

I'll remit for all back
payments in the future.

Yours very truly
A. S. McDonald

(over)

Ollie O'Leary -- November, 1935

In two we march,
to the dining room,
Line up
boys
on one side,
us on the other,
maybe I can sneak
a peek at Patches'
curly head.
Today, Thursday — sour stew,
they'll be crowding my bed tonight,
waiting in line for the john.

Ding!
She rings the bell.
We sit.
Ding!
We say grace.
Ding!
We eat
this lumpy cereal. I can't, the lumps
choke me like rocks, they won't go down.
Psst, Irene! want more?
more cereal?
no?
WHAT? No ma'am, I can't.
no.
Ding!
Everyone stands.
Ding!
Everyone leaves but me
staring down this bowl of lumps, sit here til it's gone.
Choke down a rock but up it comes again all over
the bowl, the table, and me.
Sit here, my stomach churning like on the first day.
Neck snaps, head is smashed into this bowl of lumps
and my vomit, lip swelling big as a grape.
Cold lumps cling to my hair
when I lift my head she is smirking.
Back to the cottage, and oh no what is she going to do?
My legs wobble walking the sidewalk slow to the door.

"As far as the food was concerned, it was terrible. They had a preset menu for every day of the week, and you practically knew it by heart. There was never, very seldom, any deviation from the menu. As far as I recall, it was macaroni on Monday. There was stew on Tuesday. Wednesday I'm not sure. Thursday we usually got left over stew from Tuesday and sometimes it had soured and would have devastating results. Lights would go on in the middle of the night all over the place. Everybody would come down with dysentery. Breakfast was more or less a staple situation. We had cereal and milk and butter...and then they'd serve us hotcakes...We had a nickname for them because sometimes they came out pretty heavy. We called them sinkers. Once in a while we did enjoy the specialty of having meat which was in the form of roast beef but that was a rarity. Sunday meal was mainly meat loaf and they used to pack it full of onions. Also on Sundays, they served jello — all different colors— nervous pudding we called it.

Harold Freedman ¹⁴

Russell -- November, 1935

That damn steam whistle blowin'
us out of bed
every mornin' the same at 6.

Turn down the covers, plant feet on the cold floor
and wait while the old hag inspects.

But every morning she finds the sheets dry.
Got rid of the problem, alright,
tied a string so tight round Frankie's plumbin'
that it swelled up like a balloon.
They took him to the hospital
and we ain't seen him since.

So no more pee soaked sheets.
She took care of that alright.

At night I dream of takin' my boot lace
and wrappin' it so tight round her damn neck
her eyes bleed.

*"There were matrons we hated because they were so cruel. You avoided
certain ones; girls cheered when one died."*

Noel Freedman ¹⁵

November 18, 1935

Mr. D. R. McDonald
308 North Arizona
Butte, Montana

Dear Mr. McDonald:

On account of the prevalence of a great many contagious diseases in Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, and in fact over the entire state, we have been requested by our doctor to permit no visitors until further notice.

At this date we are free from any contagious disease and we wish to keep clear if possible.

Thanking you for your cooperation,

Very truly yours,

G. H. Davey
President

"The extremely cold weather caused some old pipes to freeze in C.5...This was very disastrous to painting and decorating which had been done in the spring."

Superintendent minutes, Feb. 2, 1935 ¹⁶

We had learned from our aunts and uncles who lived on homesteads how to keep warm. Sometimes we had forty below evenings here. We would put our beds together — we had four blankets (2 apiece) and put one blanket over the sheets and crawl in together and cover up."

Harold Freedman ¹⁷

"We have a slight increase in attendance this past month. We are now up to 280. We have more requests from parents to release their children presumably to receive additional relief. We have turned down such requests."

Superintendent minutes, Nov. 5, 1935 ¹⁸

Russell -- November, 1935

Maybe Luck Can Carry Me

I ate three sinkers for breakfast today
and won six marbles from Boots
at recess.

Some pinhead keeps stealin' eggs
from the henhouse and I know who.

Arnie lost his barnboy job
'cause he ran away,
dumb jerk, what'd he think.

I want that job
 dream about horses, liquid eyes clear and deep as burnin' glass
 want to smell hay and manure,
 run my hands over horsehide glistenin' wet with sweat.

Sta. 22, Dykhan. No. 2
Tues. Dec. 1935

Dear Father,

I received a letter from Bee and was glad to hear from her.

We had visitors Sunday, the first of December. Betty Anderson and her mother came to visit us.

Father, come as soon as you can to see us and Ronnie and his mother too. How is Ronnie getting along?

Did you have a good Thanksgiving?

The teacher is reading us a book named "Iona Sawyer". It is a good book.

I hope mother can come to see us here. It is lonesome without her here.

How are Bee and her family getting along? I hope Billy gets to write to me.

I am getting lonesome for my boy friends that I used to go around with.

I am starting a stamp collection.



**Daniel McDonald with his sons, Bob (right) and Dan (left)
State Orphans' Home, circa 1938**

1002 Delaware.

Butte Mont.

12/16/35

Twin Bridges Home -
Mr Davey -

Enclosed please find
\$15.00 fifteen dollars on
Childrens acct.

I am sending package -
for children for Xmas -
I wish it was possible
for me to visit children
on Sunday or Xmas

Very truly yours,
D. J. McDonald

"Children again remembered by A.C.M. [Anaconda Copper Mining Company]. Several other organizations also sent boxes, but outside offerings were fewer and the contents of boxes poorer than many years. Especially nice presents were received by the Veterans organization. The children generally were abundantly supplied and all those not so well favored were provided with packages which we made up for the occasion."

Russell -- December, 1935

Last night the tree looked
like the most beautiful thing on earth,
popcorn like little puffs of snow
strung on branches,
walnut shells painted blue and speckled
with little bits of foil,
the ornaments we clipped
from comic strips danglin' from limbs,
all made me feel kinda warm,
like a smile inside.

I got the mouth harp I wanted
and was blowin' on it all mornin'
outside while doin' my chores,
my hands so cracked and raw
they bled a little. Percy harpin' at me
to shut up and put that thing away.

Later down by the river where we were
cooking up ourselves a dinner
of that hen we stole, Ernie come grinnin' ear to ear,
"I'm goin' home, boys! I'm goin' home!
You kin have my share of that ol' chicken,
cause I'm goin' home!"
and then he was gone, walkin' away as light on his feet
as dust on air.
My hands stung with cold when I reached for the chicken,
and, well, it just tasted kinda powdery.

Ollie O'Leary -- December, 1935

When I grow up
I'm going to eat ice cream
every day for breakfast
and again for dessert at dinner.
The soft, creamy cold
will melt on my tongue,
fill my mouth with sticky sweet.
Vanilla will be my favorite.
I'll top it with strawberries,
mix it all up into pink pudding
I'll eat slowly.

It's hard to watch Irene
eat mine so quickly now
sluuuurp slurp
and it's gone.
I don't mind so much
sliding my other desserts to her
but the ice cream is special,
like a cool hand on my head when I'm sick.
I just have to close my eyes and remember
this is her pay
for eating my rock hard cereal
every day.



*Photo courtesy of Margaret Lawyer
Shirley McDonald, (left) and friends
State Orphans' Home, circa 1939*

"Enrollment 323 — the highest number in the history of the institution."

Superintendent minutes, April 4, 1936²⁰

"We hope to be able to place several of our older children. Unless this is possible we shall be unable to admit all we have been asked to enroll."

Superintendent minutes, June 2, 1936²¹



The McDonald children, 1936

OFFICIAL RECEIPT	
STATE ORPHANS' HOME	
TWIN BRIDGES, MONTANA	
RECEIVED OF	B. J. McDonald
	May 14 1936
	\$ 20.00
	100 Dollars
For	Twenty Five of Children
STATE ORPHANS' HOME	
No	4990
By	Ed. J. Brown

February 18, 1936

Mr. D. J. McDonald
1100 Missouri Avenue
Butte, Montana

Dear Mr. McDonald:

Thank you for your letter of February 14 enclosing your payment for the children's care. I am handing you the receipt herewith.

The children are all well at this time, and getting along nicely. We have mumps here at this time, but we do not feel this is serious; however, our doctor feels it is a little safer to continue the quarantine for a time as scarlet fever, whooping cough and other contagious diseases, although some better, are still a cause for worry over the state. We shall let you know as soon as visitors may come.

We surely appreciate your payments.

Very truly yours,

Frances Davey

"They had scarlet fever here one time and for about three months we had to boil our water; we couldn't drink any plain water. And one girl got it so bad that she was crippled for the rest of her life. She was about 16 when she got it and three months later you'd say she was...looked like an eighty year-old woman, all crippled up, hair that was absolutely white."

Dale Elergy²²

Ollie O'Leary -- May, 1936

The sky over Utah
was so wide open and blue
you could almost touch
your cheek to it.

We ran the muddy walkways
of that camp while Daddy
mined for copper ore.

I don't miss the blonde hair
I had then before
James washed it
with copper water
and it all fell out.

But I miss my Saturday bath
with Louisa — first me
then her in that big metal tub
we filled with boiled well water.

Here I hurry to be first
tear off my clothes and run for the tub
closest to the door — hurry before someone's
body plops in next to mine
three to a tub
hurry to scrub and get out.

Standing at this row of sinks
seeing ten other hands reaching for soap

makes me lonely

for our white enamel cup
our five brushes and tin of tooth powder
on the shelf above our sink.

November 17, 1936

Mr. D. J. McDonald
209 North Montana
Butte, Montana

Dear Mr. McDonald:

On account of the prevalence of contagious diseases round about, our doctor has asked us to put a ban upon all visitors until further notice.

We regret to do this but as a safeguard for our large family (303 today) we feel we must do so. We, however, feel we are a little late in "putting up the bars" as chicken pox has been brought to us. We are now trying to escape something more serious.

Thanking you for your cooperation,

Very truly yours,

G. H. Davey
President

"We really need another cottage. We have so many below par mentally that it probably would be a good plan to have a building to house this type."

Superintendent minutes, October 1936²³



Girls cottage, State Orphans' Home, August, 1997

"Enrollment: 164 boys, 135 girls. Low enrollment because transferred 12 children to Boulder [state home for retarded children]. I have been trying for two years to make this transfer."

Superintendent minutes, November, 1936²⁴

"Owing to chicken pox epidemic our school program has been badly upset. Some of the older children will have to substitute."

Superintendent minutes, December 3, 1936²⁵

Russell -- December, 1936

Joe Pat went away this mornin'
gone from cottage four,
but I don't care.
Joe Pat kicked me in the back,
thought I'd snitch
'bout the stolen skates,
but I wouldn't.

Matron made us sit on silence
til someone fessed, but no one would
and now we have to rub floors
all day, but Joe Pat's gone away
and taken the skates with him.

The Beaverhead's froze now
but poor Lawrence with no skates
can only stand on the edge and watch.

"You get wise when you're small. You knew in a 50 person group [spanking] you didn't want to be in the first ten, because she'd have a lot of energy. In the middle she'd get a second wind and you didn't want to be the last one because you might get two for good measure. We'd rush through the line...But she used to make us recirculate sometimes."

Noel Freedman ²⁶

243 1/2 Park St.
Butte Mont
Dec 19 1936.

Turn Bridges Orphanage

Mr. Davey.

Enclosed find
Twenty five dollars.
\$25.00

On Childrens acct.

Please let me know
if quarantine is
still on.

I am sending a
coat each for the
Children for Xmas.

Ollie O'Leary -- December, 1936

I carry it in my pocket
wadded in tissue.
All morning my tongue
squished against it,
jiggling it loose
until I worked it out
at recess.

I'll keep it for later
for a tooth fairy penny
for wishes and dreams.

*"All new comers will need tonsil and adenoid operations and practically all have bad teeth."
Superintendent minutes, April 1, 1937²⁷*

September 7, 1937

Mr. D. J. McDonald
212 South Jackson St.
Butte, Montana

Dear Mr. McDonald:

Thanks very much for your money order and we are enclosing receipt herewith.

We are under quarantine and no visitors are allowed. We had small pox brought back by a matron who contracted it on vacation.

All your children are well and in school.

Sorry to have to disappoint you but it cannot be helped.

Very truly yours,

G. H. Davey
President

*"For the first time we are
immunizing against whooping
cough"*

*Superintendent minutes,
November 2, 1937²⁸*



State Orphans' Home School, August, 1997

C O P Y

December 28, 1937

Miss Alma Wretling, Director
Child Welfare Services
Street
Department of Public Welfare
Butte, Montana

Re: DE BORD, Beatrice
234 N. E. Wasco

Portland, Oregon

Dear Miss Wretling:

Your letter of December 3 is at hand. You do not mention the names of the children for whom Mrs. DeBord is trying to secure custody but we assume that they are the McDonald children since the early part of our record contains evidence that a previous effort was made by Mrs. DeBord in this direction.

This family first came to our attention in November, 1930. The family were living in the City Auto Camp at Gladstone, Clackamas County, Oregon. We learned that the family had come out from Montana in October, 1930. They had an accident near Gladstone and had been domiciled in the City Auto Camp. Inasmuch as the family were residing in Clackamas County, they were referred to that agency for assistance.

We had no further contact until May. At that time the family had moved into Portland, thinking to have better opportunities for employment, and Mrs. DeBord who is a spiritualist and medium anticipated a better opportunity to organize a Church of Eternal Spiritualistic Truth here than she would have had in a smaller place. We corresponded with Montana at that time and it was evidently through that correspondence that Mr. McDonald, father of Ruth and Shirley, learned of the children's whereabouts.

He came to Portland in September, 1931, called at our office, and stated that the custody of Ruth and Shirley had been given him by Judge O'Connor of Butte and that Mrs. DeBord had removed them from the state without permission. Mrs. DeBord resisted his efforts and it was necessary to resort to court action. The matter was heard before Judge Gilbert of the Court of Domestic Relations of this city and the judge ruled that inasmuch as the case had originated in Montana and the evidence was all on file in that city, and the judge had ruled that the children be given to Mr. McDonald, he felt it necessary to follow the ruling of that court.

Mr. McDonald returned to Butte with the children later in the same month and as far as we know, they have never rejoined the family here. We continued to know the family throughout 1931 and 1932. Mrs. DeBord proved to be quite an agitator and there was considerable marital discord. In March, 1934 they separated and our record contains considerable data as to what Mr. and Mrs. DeBord thought of each other. He claimed that she had left another family in Utah, stated her four children were scattered over the state, and it was the saddest thing he had ever known. He claimed further that she was away from home fighting with the communists and neglected his two children.

Mrs. DeBord claimed in rebuttal that she was simply militant and talented and was using her talents as she saw fit. She claimed that she had lost her family because of Mr. DeBord and because she had refused to live with him any longer he was tearing down her character and talking about her to everyone.

We quote the following which we believe is illuminating:

Mrs. DeBord lived in Butte, Montana for twenty-five years. She was previously married to a man. Prior to this she was married to a man by the name of McDonald

Department of Public Welfare

Re: DeBord,

and had five children by this marriage. She fell in love with Mr. DeBord and he claimed she moved right into the apartment with him and he was forced to leave Butte because of the scandal. Mrs. DeBord claims to have given birth to thirteen children. She was divorced from Mr. DeBord in July, 1934.

When Mrs. DeBord first came to Portland, she was a Spiritualist and a preacher. She did this to support herself. She gave lectures and also held private meetings at her home. She is also a singer and has sung a great deal. From time to time, she has worked at the cannery.

Mrs. DeBord is a communist. She has gone all over the State organizing locals of labor organizations but is such a fighter that she can't even get along with her own class. While working on the sewing project, she caused so much friction and unpleasantness that the workers in charge requested that no more assignments be given her. Her latest effort in that line was when she harangued a meeting at the Shattuck School on June 5, 1935. She got herself elected as president of the sewing unit workers and told of the "need for organization in order to combat the evils on the job." Her point was that if it were known that the sewing women were organized, they would receive much better treatment on the job and would not be kicked about and manhandled by the instructors and timekeepers. She advised intimidating the Multnomah County County Relief visitors.

Mrs. DeBord has recently applied for Aid to Dependent Children and this office is inclined to believe that her recent communication to you may have been prompted by desire to secure a larger Aid to Dependent Children grant. At any rate, we believe that the above will convince you that there is considerable question in our minds as to Mrs. DeBord's ability to care for the two small children she now has, and we do not feel that she should be allowed to assume any additional responsibilities.

We believe that possibly Mrs. DeBord's temperament may be known to you because very early in our record we find a letter from the Juvenile Court of Butte, Montana, dated May 31, 1932, a copy of which we are enclosing. You will note at the end of the letter there is a reference to Mrs. DeBord and her peculiarities.

Until we received your letter we had not known that Mrs. DeBord was communicating with you regarding the custody of her children. Because of her difficult temperament we would suggest that if you have occasion to write her directly, it would assist us greatly if you would not mention you are in correspondence with us.

Very truly yours,

MULTNOMAH COUNTY RELIEF COMMITTEE
P. D. Ross, Administrator

(Mrs.) Alys S. McCroskey
Out-of-Town Inquiries

ASM:HW
Enc. 1

212 S. Jackson St
Butte Mont
April 9 - 1938.

Orphans Home.

Mr Wacey,

As I am not working
and not able to pay
on childrens acct
I expect to in the
very near future,

Sincerely,
W. J. McDonald

April 14, 1938

Mr. D. J. McDonald
212 South Jackson Street
Butte, Montana

Dear Mr. McDonald:

Thank you of your note of April 9, and we regret very much indeed for your own sake that you are not working. I hope things will be looking up soon. We know you will do your best as soon as you are able.

The children are all well.

Very truly yours,

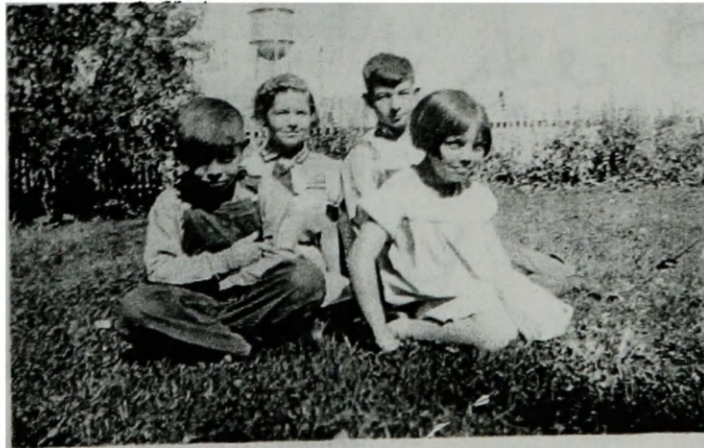
G. H. Davey
President

"Mr. Davey has brought up the question of numbers and mentioned that he thought the Board should give him permission to refuse admittance to all feeble-minded children even under the age of six."

Superintendent minutes, April 5, 1938²⁹

Russell -- April, 1938

You're an old maid ugly as a pig's ass,
no wonder you're so damn onery.
You stand there lips pressed thin
like a line of blood,
neck red against the white lace of your blouse,
your bosom heaving with the effort.
Powdery hand on that rubber hose,
beating me till you have no breath.
But I won't make a sound,
not even when you dig your nails
til they meet beneath my skin.
You'll get nothing out of me
but the blood soaking my sleeve.



Ruth and Dan McDonald (back), Bob and Shirley McDonald (front)
State Orphans' Home, 1935

April 27, 1938

Dear Mr. McDonald:

I am sending you a letter from Ruth which explains itself. You can see from this she really isn't very anxious to become a Catholic. I told her to write to you and find out what you wanted them to do.

Will you please answer by return as there are some preparations to be made this coming Sunday and if Ruth and other children are not to take part, we should like to know it. You understand, I am sure, we leave the matter of religion up to the children and the parents.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

G. H. Davey



Daniel McDonald with his daughters Ruth and Shirley
circa 1939

212 S. Jackson
Butte Mont
Apr 28-1938.

Dear Mr Davey,

I recd your letter
also Ruth's today.

I do not intend to
force the children
to be Catholics.

Ruth appears to be
decided against it

I would like them
to be Catholics.

I should of started
them before.

2.
However, we have
to confer with
Father & Stanley
I intend to visit
the home Sunday.
I can explain better.

Sincerely,
W. J. McDonald.

Russell -- October, 1938

Richard peed his pants today
in the potato field at Silver Star.

We picked all morning
and at noon they said,
"Eat your lunch, boys."

Sittin' on the edge of the field
feelin' so good to be away
feelin' lucky
enjoyin' our sack lunch

when Delbert said, "Look!
There's a balloon!"

Buford took one look,
busted out laughin'
"That ain't no balloon."

He picked it up, proceeded
to fill it with dirt clods
and pebble size potatoes, gigglin'
all the while. He stuck it between
his legs, commenced
to prance about like a randy steed.

He chased us,
we clobbered him
with dirt and spuds.
He chucked it
so hard, it broke
against the back
of Toby's head.

We laughed so hard our eyes
teared, but when Del pointed
to the dark spot
on Richard's pants,
we all just fell down
laughin'.



Photo courtesy of Ruth Shaffer

Ruth McDonald peeking over the shoulder of one of her friends, circa 1939

I built relationships that were so intense that I once thought one of the kids here was my brother...There was always the camaraderie ...Like one time we decided we were going to wade across the river instead of work in the garden like we were supposed to. We got about halfway across the river when I lost my footing. I went under and was carried about 300 yards downstream. The boys looked all over for me. I finally got my footing and we decided to go back to work. We never told anyone what happened."

Fred Wentz ³⁰

Ollie O'Leary -- November, 1938

Daddy,

*I remember when we were all together at home,
James, Robert, Louisa, and me
and sometimes Bessie would care for us
and sometimes we'd watch ourselves,
and you'd come home from the mine and say,
"Children, would you like a cup of tea?"
and you'd sweeten it with sugary drops of lemon .*

*I know you want me to be a lady
but I can't here.
Some girls have the devil
in their veins.
Last week
after you left
I was savoring
the candy you left,
rolling it around,
letting the sweet juice
fill my mouth
when one of them yanked my hair
said so nasty,
"You think you're so special
cause your dad visits."
I sucked down the juice
made ready
to say something
when she hauled off and punched me
square on the mouth,
split my lip
made me near choke
on that lemon drop.*

*You don't approve,
but yesterday
I saw her sitting in a wagon,
her friend pulling her
along the sidewalk.
I pretended
not to pay any mind,
but when they passed, I grabbed
handfuls of hair,
yanked her
plumb out of that wagon.
She landed hard bottom on the cement.*

January 19, 1939

Mr. D. J. McDonald
212 S. Jackson Street
Butte, Montana

Dear Mr. McDonald:

Thank you very much for your payment of \$25.00 receipt for which is enclosed. We are very glad to know you are back at work again and trust very much for your sake as well as ours it will continue.

The children are all well at this time.

Regarding quarantine, contagious diseases are so prevalent in Butte, Anaconda, and Deer Lodge that we are not permitting visitors from these cities and are strongly discouraging it from all sections of the state.

Mr. McDonald there is a matter I have been wanting to take up with you for some time. When you come out will you kindly turn in at the office anything that you bring to the children; also, any money you wish to give them. I know you have the kindest intention in the world, but there is usually trouble after every visit you make when you leave money especially. All the money the children receive is placed in their separate accounts as we think this teaches them thrift. Unless the money comes to us direct, it is often lost or otherwise disposed of.

We do not object to your bringing things or giving them money and every cent you turn in at the office for their individual accounts will be placed therein.

I am sure you understand how we feel about this but the next time you are here I'll speak to you about this matter also,

With very best wishes,

Sincerely,

G. H. Davey
President

February 9, 1939

Dear Mc. McDonald:

I am sorry but the quarantine is still on as the report from the State Board of Health gives many cases of measles in Butte. Perhaps after this cold spell things will clear up — but do not come out until you write to see how conditions are.

The children are all well.

Very truly yours,

G. H. Davey
President

"There were many times when I cried myself to sleep at night, wanting my father. I used to dream about sitting on his lap and he would play Red River Valley on his harmonica."

Rose Gunkel³¹



Daniel McDonald with his daughters Shirley (left) and Ruth (right)
1940

"Our epidemic of measles came on in full force and we have had 140 cases. They are evidently a bad variety...one little girl developed rheumatic fever and died April 1 — our first death in 8 years...Interwoven with our measles we have had several cases of scarlet fever...So all in all 1939 has been so far a very hectic year."

Superintendent minutes 4, 1939³²

Russell -- March, 1939

Some things are just plain
easier to swallow
than others.
Geography, spellin', science
arithmetic, all of them
I could of won
at that scholastic meet in Sheridan.
Answers flying from my mouth like a bull from the pen
at the Twin rodeo.
But I couldn't go.
Another damn quarantine,
Mr. Williams tryin' to encourage,
"You could have done it, Russell. You know,
and I know."
But that don't make the swallowin'
any easier.
Instead of answers flyin',
there's just ash, black as a raven's wing
dissolvin' to bitter syrup,
and I'm chokin' on it.

March 7, 1939

Mr. D. J. McDonald
212 S. Jackson Street
Butte, Montana

Dear Mr. McDonald:

We do appreciate your remembering us with a money order for it's greatly needed these days.

Your children are well but we have a bad epidemic of measles the first for seven years and the doctor thinks it will be at least fifty days before we are out of quarantine.

Don't worry the children are all O. K. and contented.

Many thanks.

Sincerely,

G. H. Davey
President

GHD: j

March 16, 1939

Mr. D. J. McDonald
212 South Jackson
Butte, Montana

Dear Mr. McDonald:

Thanks for your letter.

Boys to enter the C. C. C. must be seventeen and preferably eighteen to join.

They receive schooling and clothes together with \$30.00 per month. They are allowed to retain \$5.00 and the balance has to be banked or kept by the government for them.

They can remain at least eighteen months at the present arrangements. With conditions as they are outside this offers a lad a good chance to get used to conditions and to get a little money by him besides the schooling advantages.

I cannot promise that every lad I recommend will be taken for it depends on the county allotment.

If you are interested, please let me know at once for I have to send in the necessary papers.

Very truly yours,

G. H. Davey
President



Photo courtesy of George Price
Dan McDonald (second on right) at the CCC camp

Butte Mont
March 19-1939

Mr Davey

Dear Sir

I rec'd your letter
in regard to Dan.
I believe it would
be good for Dan
to join the C.C.C.
He would get the
experience as well
as schooling.
It is O.K. for him
to join.

2.
I hope I'll be able
to visit the Children
very soon.

I would like to
talk to Dan.
I believe he will
be glad to get
the experience.

Sincerely,
Agnes McDonald -

212 S. Jackson
Butte Mont.

Orphans Home

Mr Sawyer

I am writing in
regard to Dan
I have been informed
that some of the
boys are leaving on
the seventh.

If Dan is a going
at any time I wish
you would send
him to me at least
two or three days
before he leaves.

2.
I would like to have
him with me
before he leaves.
I expect the boys -
are going from
Butte. But if
they go from there
Let him come over
to Butte and I'll
look after him
until he leaves.

Sincerely,
O. J. McDonald

Russell -- April, 1939

When Davey said,
"I'll see you later, boys"
We knew we were dead.

We walked to his office.
knew the rubber hose
he keeps up his sleeve
would soon be on our backsides.

"Town folk are blaming you
for breaking windows with rocks.
But I know not one of you
has an arm strong enough
to reach across the river.
Go, boys. Stay away from the river."

Davey doesn't know
about the slingshots we used.
The rubber stretching our reach
to their windows.

How we picked our rocks carefully,
rollin' the smooth surfaces between
our fingers, feelin' their weight,
judgin' their impact.

How we clenched our teeth
when we stretched the rubber,

How somethin' popped when we let loose,

How somethin' settled down inside us
when we heard the shatterin' glass.

Ollie O'Leary -- April, 1939

Daddy,

*It's so cold today
my bones are rattling under my skin
like one of them Mexican shakers
we heard at Gregorio's wedding.
I still like it outside, though
away from everybody.
When I'm tucked in here
butt scrunched so tight into the corner
of these walls so small
nobody sees me.
I like to think so anyway,
Just put my head down on my knees
brick walls on both sides and
I am all alone.*

*Louisa missed visiting day again.
She just can't keep her mouth shut.
says she's only being honest,
that most people act like a donkey's
butt end.*

*I joined glee club
can't sing a lick
just mouth the words,
but I get to see her once a week
on Wednesday.*

*She apologized for the time
in the camp in Utah
when I burned my feet so bad
on coals I couldn't walk
and she had to pull me everywhere
in that wagon.
She said I'm sorry
for dumping you out
and calling it an accident.*

*She's working the nursery again,
said if I sneaked over
she'd sneak me
a slice of bread,
buttered and sugared.*



Children's entrance, girls cottage
State Orphans' Home, August, 1997

"I regret to report our second death in 7 years. A girl...had had several attacks of arthritis prior to admittance in February last. Due to arthritis she had a bad heart. She had complained of bad knees on a couple of different occasions, but a few days in the hospital would cure it. On this occasion she went to the hospital with similar trouble in her knees and 2 days later developed double pneumonia and died almost suddenly on Monday morning, May 1st. Her father and Dr. Free were both with her when she passed away."

Superintendent minutes, May 4, 1939³³

"I regret to report a sad accident which occurred last evening shortly after all the children had returned safely from their school picnics...The child soon became conscious and at this time is as well as can be expected although Dr. Free does not hold out much hope for recovery. I immediately contacted the father and he is on his way here from Kalispell. Every care and attention is being given the child and she is not left for a single moment day or night."

"I regret to report that the child died June 7 from the effects of the kick by the horse as reported last month. We regretted this very much. She was buried in Kalispell and I attended the funeral taking with me her three brothers."

Superintendent minutes, June-July, 1939³⁴



Photo courtesy of Ruth Shaffer

Ruth McDonald (second on right) on the steps of the State Orphans' Home hospital circa 1938

Ollie O'Leary -- May, 1939

Louisa was here for a week once,
she hurt so bad it blew out her ears,
made her go deaf in one.
We'd sneak up to see her,
hiss "Louisa!" through the open window,
me on my tippy toes, mouth just barely reaching
"Louisa!" and all she could do was mumble "What?"
so we knew she was alive.

I never got caught but James did
when he snuck up to tell her Robert went away,
left for the CCC.
He got smacked good, missed Sunday show too.
He just doesn't know
how to make himself small.

They carried me on a blanket
stretched out between them like a bed,
a magic carpet ride
that would of been fun
if I hadn't felt so low down,
head burning like fire and even hair
on my arms hurt.
Up through the big white doors we went.
Maggie Jo lost her grip, almost dumped me on the cement.

They put me in a bed with sheets
crisp as autumn apples.
So many kids so sick with flu,
soon two more joined my bed.
All three of us aching and miserable and trying
not to take up much room.
She couldn't help it, I guess,
just let the pee dribble out of her.
We made her sleep on the outside,
I snuggled my back against the wall, the other
slid in between me and the pee spot.

I wondered
would Louisa sneak
to see me?



Ruth and Robert McDonald (second and fourth on right)
circa 1938

"We have been very free of run-aways for several years. On Friday, July 14 two boys left after midnight. After spending a day in the hills, they made for the railroad going together as far as Deer Lodge. Here one left the car and made for home expecting to return and rejoin the other, but his mother held him. On their way to Deer Lodge the boys had contacted a transient who was headed to Washington to go apple picking. According to one boy, both had arranged to accompany this man."

Superintendent minutes, August 2, 1939³⁵

The matron put him [runaway] in solitary confinement for two weeks. There wasn't a second that he didn't have extra stuff to eat. Us kids would slide pickles, you know we'd put in our pockets, and cookies. He wasn't alone for a minute. She had him upstairs in the attic in this cottage...and we'd sneak up there and give him anything he'd wanted."

Dale Elergy³⁶

Russell — July, 1939

Lookin' up at the stars at night
from some place away from here
has gotta be the damndest thing,
like touchin' a butterfly's wing
as it sits on the tip of your finger.

To be out of this place
away from every damned one of 'em

nobody to slap my face
or pinch my arm
no lookin' over my shoulder.

Gary ran away yesterday.
Lashed some branches for a raft,
but the Beaverhead broke it apart
on boulders not a mile downstream.
He's payin' for it now, for wantin'
to be with his pa in Butte.

I'd pay too, just for tryin'
I'd run so far so fast wouldn't nobody catch me.

But you gotta have some place to run to.

And there's no place to go

when you ain't nothin' but an orphan.



**Girls' entrance to LG (large girls) Main Hall
State Orphans' Home, August, 1997**

"Miss Bailey has been taking some special dancing classes for the boys and all seem to be enjoying them. The work was in preparation for the Halloween party and was intended to help the boys overcome their shyness and awkwardness in public."

Superintendent minutes, November 2, 1939³⁷

Russell -- October, 1939

Lord have mercy!
I will remember this day
til they lay me in the ground
and cover me with God's good earth.

Forgive me Sweet Jesus
for wishing fleas on Miss Bailey
and damnin' her dancin' lessons.

Hallelujah Halloween!

That Louisa didn't mind me stompin'
on her little feet,
and I didn't think she was mean
when she said a sheep would make
a better dancin' partner than me.

Oh, how her smile lit up her red hair!

And God bless the boys
Bob and Richie for sneakin' me
out to meet Louisa
behind the fire escape at Main.

In that dark corner my hands fumblin'
for hers so soft and small
they felt like chicks in my hands.

And good God almighty
her lips!

So velvety like a horse's
only with no stubble.

My heart flutterin' and
my legs goin' all weak
like nervous puddin' standin' there
in the dark with Louisa.



Ruth McDonald (top left) and friends
State Orphans' Home, 1940

Concern over low mentality of new admittance — soon they'll be an institute of low-grades. Boulder doesn't accept children until age of 6. Until then they are housed at the Home which isn't fair to normal kids who have to "mingle with low-grades."
Superintendent minutes, April 4, 1940³⁸

B. To Mont
Jan 13th 1940

Mr Carey.

Enclosed is fifteen
dollars \$15.00 A.D.
on Childrens acct
I will send more
very soon.

I hope every one
is O.K. and the
Quarantine will
soon be over.

Yours truly
D. J. McDonald

to Butte instead and he told Mr.
Pratt he knew if I ever got your
children I wouldn't give you
up that's why he sent your children
in the home he knows I want you
with me and I should have you
he could just as well pay me to
take care of you as any place
else and besides have a mother's
love for you all winter you will
need any children need a mother
lot.

Dear Ruth, I received your welcome letter and was sure glad to hear from you also Bobby and Shirley. Yes, Ruth the war is terrible. All the people suffering so much but there is also more people who suffer too right here in the United States. Well, Ruth, I also wish that we could be together soon because I think children miss their mother's love and a father doesn't understand like a mother and I know that we will be together some day. The time will come when things will work out that way. I guess you know I have written to Mr. Davey in regards to getting you to me and the welfare worker was here to see me last Monday. And she thinks it would be nice for you to come to me a very nice lady too. My husband works too. He's a cook too works in a camp he's not home all the time about every other week. The girls are gone swimming there's a lake here besides the ocean and they sure do have a lot of fun some of the mothers go with them. And a night they build a campfire on the beach and have weenie roasts and toast marshmallows it's sure grand weather here.

July 5, 1940

Mrs. B. Dodds
Box 18
Bar View, Ore.

Dear Mrs. Dodds:

Your letter to Ruth I cannot pass as it mentions her coming to you and nothing definite has yet been decided.

You see the father has the care of the children and Oregon must O.K. the transfer.

I'm urging Dan to stay in the C.C.C.'s. He needs education and without it he is bound to be handicapped. I'm positive if he gets out of the C's he will regret it and will have nothing but common labor facing him all his life.

The Children are well.

Very truly yours,

G. H.. Davey
President

he doesn't want them or care for them like he
says he does he's just doing it to hurt me and he
hates to admit anything also after having a cracked
skull he's been worse and he never will have
a home for them I know. and I understand that
it is the home would like to have children in

I am writing you concerning my daughter Ruth McDonald as she is
past 16 now and the law says that children can choose their own
guardian at 14. I would love to have her come to me as I can give
her a good home and schooling & clothing and can take good care of
her. I think 4 1/2 years is a long time without a mothers love & care.
I'm not complaining about the Home because it was the best place
for them sinse he had them. I have never at any time yet refused to
have my children and I love them all very much, so much that I
would love to have all of them with me and they can't help what a
stuborn and bullheaded father does and I know that he doesn't want
them or care for them like he says he does, he's just doing it to hurt
me and he hates to admit anything also after having a cracked skull
he's been worse and he never will have a home for them I know.

at Bar View, Ore on the coast a little ways out at
Portland. so I'm trusting to hear from you soon
and thanking you for all past favors and
thanking you in advance I remain respectfully
yours
Mrs Beatrice Dodd
Bar View,
Ore.

Box 18.

July 19, 1940

Mrs. B. Dodds
Box 18
Bar View, Oregon

Dear Mrs. Dodds:

Your letter to hand and I note your remarks. To start with, Ruth isn't of age until she is 18 and Dan 21 and they are under my control until they reach those ages regardless, unless their guardianship is transferred.

I believe I mentioned before we do not discuss any outside plans with children until everything is settled and very often, not then. Then again, Mrs. Dodds, the father has the control of the children and if he says "No" it is "no" regardless of any other person's desires or wishes. I did not know that Dan and Ruth had written the judge nor have I any record of any judge granting any such order as you mention.

Again, because Dan went to the C.C.C.'s did not release him from my jurisdiction and I received particulars of his doings all the time he was there. Dan needs supervision and training and much more schooling unless he expects to do common labor all his life. My only object in urging him to stay where he was was simply because I know Dan and his capabilities and feel sure unless he is supervised he will simply become a drifter.

It is too bad for the children that they have been "between two fires". I have only their welfare to consider and it wouldn't be wise on my part to pick children up and fire them across the country without some sort of check up. If the father did O.K. the transfer there is transportation to be considered, school facilities, etc. to be taken into account besides other things.

Don't you think Mr. McDonald should have something to say about the children? I had a talk with him and he said he wouldn't stand in their way if they felt they would be better off. I am making the regular check up with the Welfare Department and when I receive a reply I shall contact you again.

The children are all well.

Very truly yours,

G. H. Davey
President

August 5, 1940

Director
Public Welfare Commission
Multnomah County
Court House
Portland, Ore.

Re: Beatrice DeBord Dodds

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I sent to Mrs. Forsythe of the Probation Office. As she could furnish very little information I am relaying it to you at her suggestion and shall be more than grateful for any particulars you can give me.

I might add, the daughter, Ruth, mentioned in the letter, is sixteen years of age and is a "live wire", hence my reason for being very anxious to get particulars of the home, financial condition and surrounding.

Very truly yours,

G. H. Davey
President

Ollie O'Leary -- July, 1940

Dad,

*Louisa's suffering her punishment
with pride.*

*She got the sheepskin belt
missed Saturday show -- "The Seven Sinners"
no Sunday visit time,
But she's a hero in our eyes.*

*It was in the morning
she was at the sink in her nightdress
joking
when matron grabbed her hair and yanked
told her to shut up.*

*Louisa's hand shot up, Edna said,
fixed a handful of matron's hair.*

*Everyone's eyes popped
when they saw it there
her hair
all of it
like a dead rat
her wig
in Louisa's hand.*

August 20, 1940

Miss Ruby D. Nutting
Public Welfare Commission
Multnomah County
Portland, Oregon

Re: Dodd, Beatrice DeBord
MPW #27783

Dear Miss Nutting:

Thank you very, very much for your letter on the above. This is indeed greatly appreciated and I wish to thank you also for the copy of the other particulars given.

I feel sure when the father of the children here knows the facts which I shall pass along with as much caution as possible, he will feel more at ease and still more determined to have the children under his care.

If I can ever be of service to you in any way kindly feel free to call upon me for I shall be only too glad to reciprocate.

Very truly yours,

G. H. Davey
President



Daniel McDonald with his sons Dan and Bob, 1940

Russell -- April, 1941

Somebody yelled "BARN'S ON FIRE!"
We all grabbed up our clothes —
Hay barn, I thought.
Some dumb ass smokin'
in the barn.
Outside we saw tongues
of fire
lickin' up the night sky.
My stomach turned when I saw
the horse barn ablaze.

Arms pulled at me
GET AWAY FROM THERE!
voices screamed at me
GET OUTTA THERE!

But I was already inside
smoke cloggin' my nose,
stabbin' my eyes.
They were huddled in the corner
all skittery, heads drawn back
eyes all white with fear.

"Whoa boys, easy boys."
They let me grab at them
we stumbled away
from the barn
my horses
all of us
smellin' like fear on fire.

A replacement has been found for Mr. Williams. Unfortunately he too is classified as 1A but will try to get a deferment until June. Mr. Reisling the shoemaker and butcher is also classified as 1A and may be called at any time.

Superintendent minutes, March, 1941³⁹

300 enrollment: 149 boys, 151 girls. The first time girls have outnumbered boys for several years. The upper half of the horse barn was destroyed in a fire. The horses were released and the alarm sounded.

Superintendent minutes, April 3, 1941⁴⁰

Worker quit because he could not get along with other employees. Mr. Williams met with an accident on his way to Missoula for the draft examination. He is still in the Murray Hospital in Butte and his condition is not encouraging. It is extremely difficult to get satisfactory help. 16 students graduated and did exceedingly well. Mr. Williams is to be congratulated for their success.³⁷

Superintendent minutes, June, 1941⁴¹

Ollie O'Leary -- June, 1941

The audience laughed
when I came on stage
all bent over and rickety in my role
as Grandma.
And now I have this shiny medallion
to show Dad on visiting day.

I put my award away.
Wrap it in tissue so it won't get lost
in this box of clothes.

Pack your things, they said.
So my box and I are ready to go
to Main, I guess.
Maybe they'll let me stay with Louisa until she leaves.
What will I do?
I'm happy she's done with school and 17,
free to leave.
But what will I do here without her?

Alone, all alone
up the sidewalk I walk to Main.

I see Louisa grinning on the steps.
Oh, Louisa, you're not supposed to be there --
gotta get in trouble always, even now.

Who's that behind her? James?
What's he doing there today?
It's not visitng day. *James get out!*
Quick! Before they see you!

They're walking down the steps
to a car
and oh my oh my oh my oh --

Dad! I shout.

They're all grins yelling, "Ollie, hurry!"

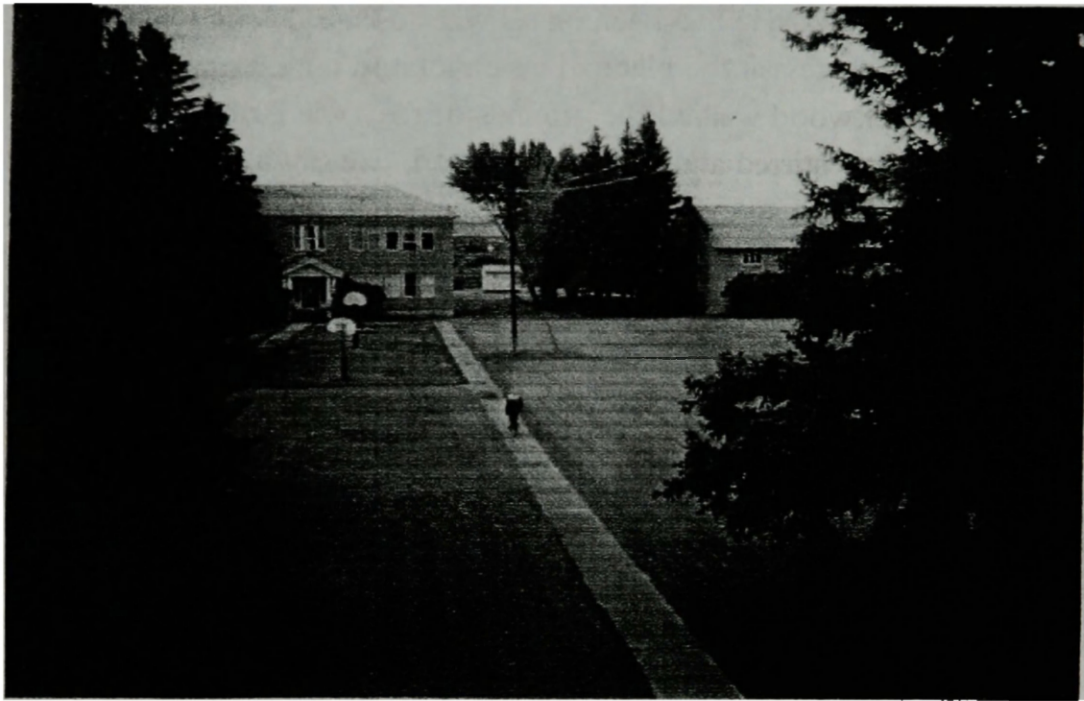
My legs suddenly feel so light
it's like all of me just got
sucked up inside my head --
and I could just float away!

I try to move my legs faster but it's just
all of me -- Ollie in my head looking out
at my family standing by the side of the car laughing.

I stumble, drop the box ,
my award tumbles out.
Louisa is by my side, her breathless voice in my ear,

"Ollie, can you believe it? Ollie,

We're going HOME."



View of the school from the second floor of Main Hall, 1997. The figure on the bicycle in the foreground is Henry Lockwood. Lockwood was 3 years old when his parents left him and his sister at the Home in 1925. He lived there for 13 years. In 1995 he returned for the reunion and did not leave. He moved his 1957 school bus into a shop in the back of the complex and became the unofficial caretaker of the grounds. At the time of this photo, Lockwood was 75 years old and had been living in the poorly insulated building for two years.⁴²

Coming Home

I had gone to the reunion in 1997 hoping to find stories and to connect with my mother's past in some way. After everyone left the grounds for the day, I stayed. I wanted to get a sense of the spirit of the place. I wasn't alone, though. There was an old, gray-bearded man riding a bicycle along the sidewalks. I shot the photograph of him from the second story of Main Hall, and the thought occurred to me that he was like the spirit of the children. Shortly after, I read about him in the *Montana Standard*. He had been on his way to Baja, Mexico when he stopped at Twin Bridges to revisit the place of his childhood.

When Henry Lockwood walked the grounds of the Twin Bridges Orphans' Home in 1995, his memory stirred and life was reignited. He saw that nobody was caring for the place. His spirit saw what could be done, so he stayed. He remains there today. At 79 years old, he works quietly picking up debris, trimming the hedges, raking up pine cones and old shingles, and trying to repair the damage of time and vandals. He says, "I find contentment here. I reach out to people, different ones around here. I learned not to be in a hurry. I let the spirit of God motivate me and eventually I see how to do things. This place is holding together, like me. If the body holds up, I've got ideas."

Henry will walk the grounds with visitors, sharing memories and wisdom. "If people just knew the life of others," he says, his voice trailing off. He reiterates what I've heard other Home Kids say, "We didn't know why we was there, It was just like we was rejects.

They didn't get into us, into the depths of our being. They just, on the surface, you know. They gave us the clothes and the food, the laws and the rules and all that. We did what we was supposed to do. We learned to be fighters."

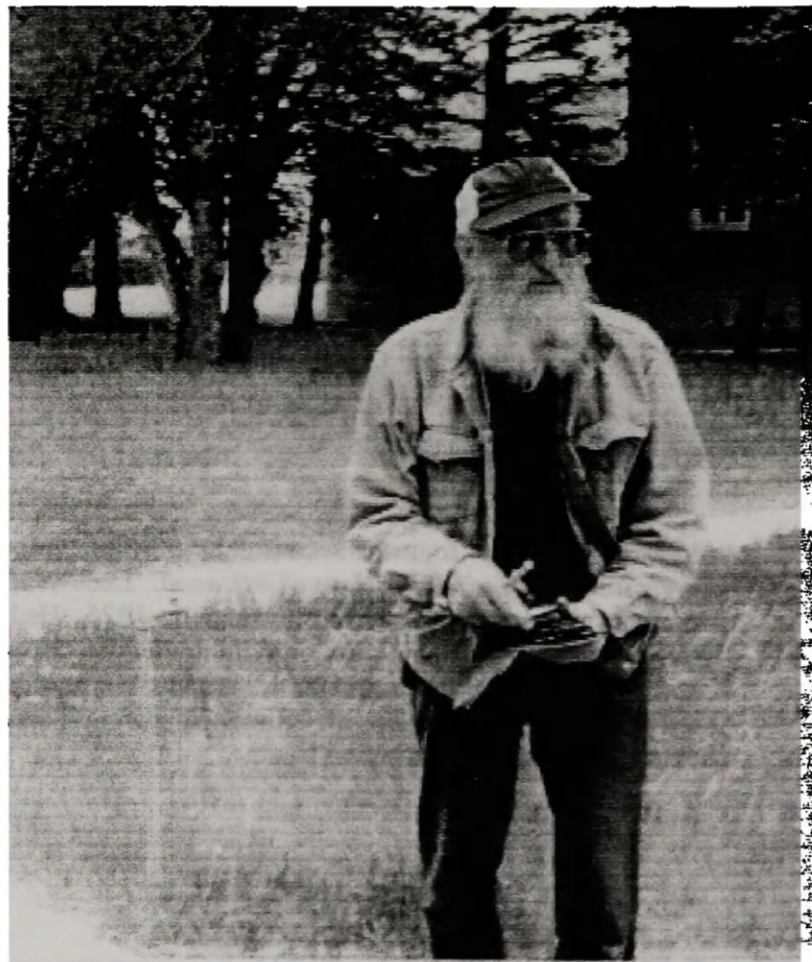


Photo by Steven Schwab

Henry Lockwood, State Orphans' Home, May, 2001

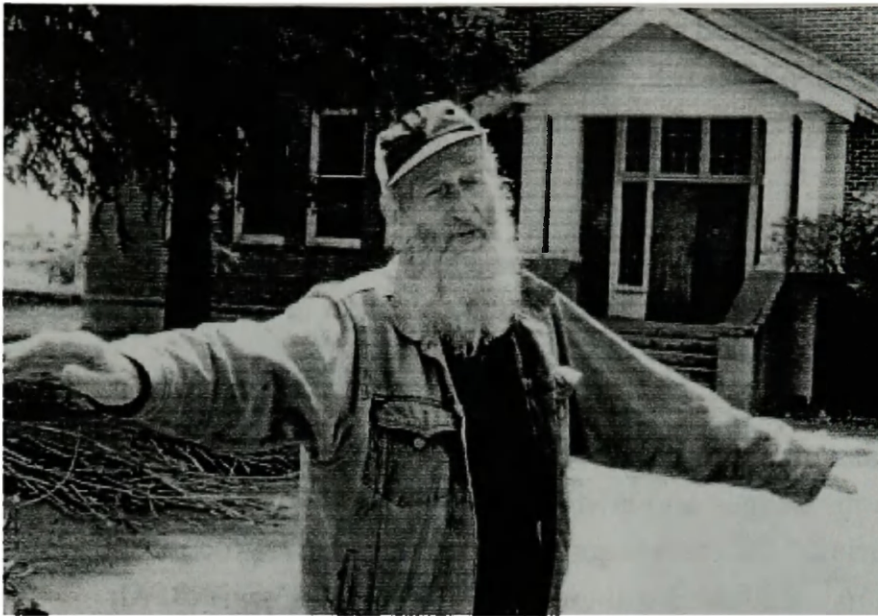


Photo by Steven Schwab

Henry Lockwood demonstrates how they used to hold out their arms as punishment. If they lowered them, the matron would whip their legs with willows. May, 2001

There are few memories of any nurturing or affection. Henry does recall one incident with a nurse. He had been in the hospital because he had fainting spells, and they could not determine the cause. "She covered me up and inquired about my welfare. That's something they seldom did. Look at you as an individual. She said, 'Are you comfortable? Warm enough?'"

He also recalls

Mr. Davey as being a "kindly man." When Henry received his file from The Department of Public Health and Human Services, he discovered a letter Mr. Davey had written to a couple that had taken Henry from the Home when he was 16 to work on their pea farm. Apparently, they had wanted to return him. Mr. Davey wrote back saying, "He's a good boy. Just give him a little more time." That stood out for Henry, because somebody had "spoke good things about me."

There was another letter in his file. It was from his sister who had written to say she was trying to get him out. He never received it. He says, "It would have made a difference in my life if I had known that. You know you don't think about being alone. You just go along with the flow."

He pauses to tell me he's just unraveling the story for me, and continues:

There were adverse things that happened. Like the boys, during school time, the older boys. They took me down one time. This is what they do to the young and innocent. I was about 10 years old. They take out the private parts and spit on. Everyone would spit on. So, I got up, what I'd do? I looked for the ring leader, and I hit him in the face. And of course, Williams got on me because of the fight. And if that wasn't enough, then the help ...take boys out and molest them in the field. They had no training about those things and it's really a downer in a person's life when that happens. You're in life, more in flow, and after something like that happens, it just closes off. And you

hate authority then. You trusted the guy and he does things like that and you had nobody to tell. We were taught to keep to ourselves. If we told, we got doubly punished. So we just bottled it up.

Rather than sounding bitter or angry, Henry is philosophical. "The spirit of the world fills you up. Everything that happens makes an impression in our lives."

Henry Lockwood has come home. He wanders the sidewalks and buildings of his youth. He tends the hedges and lawns as much as he tends the memories by freely sharing his stories. "Words are spirit," he says. He tries to concentrate his energy and "keep busy until the Lord comes." He feels the spirit of Mr. Davey, the children, and the dark spirit of the cruel matron who terrorized Cottage Four, but mostly, he feels the spirit of God.⁴³

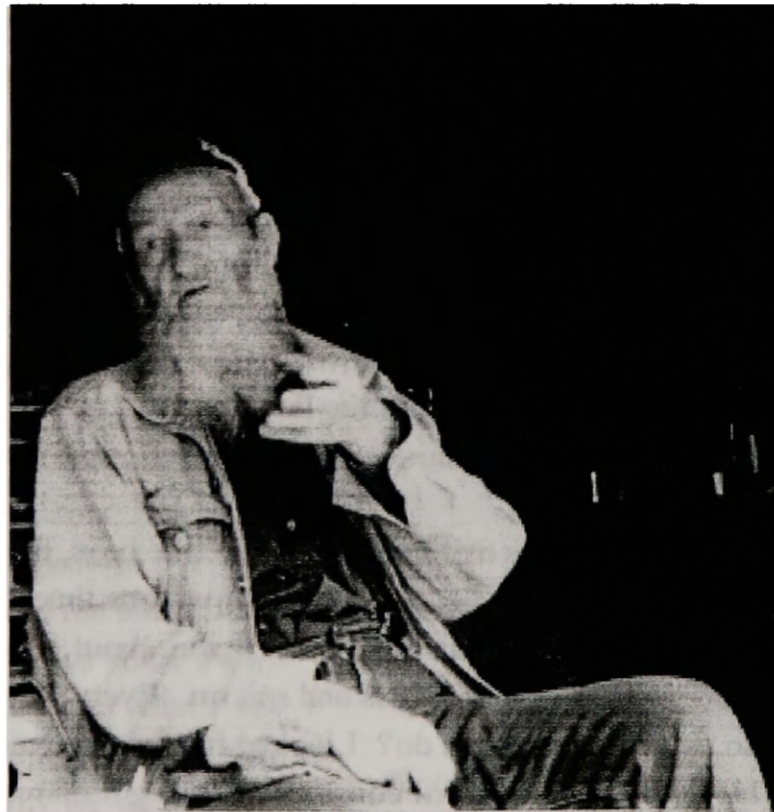


Photo by Steven Schwab
Henry Lockwood sitting in front of his bus
State Orphans' Home, May, 2001

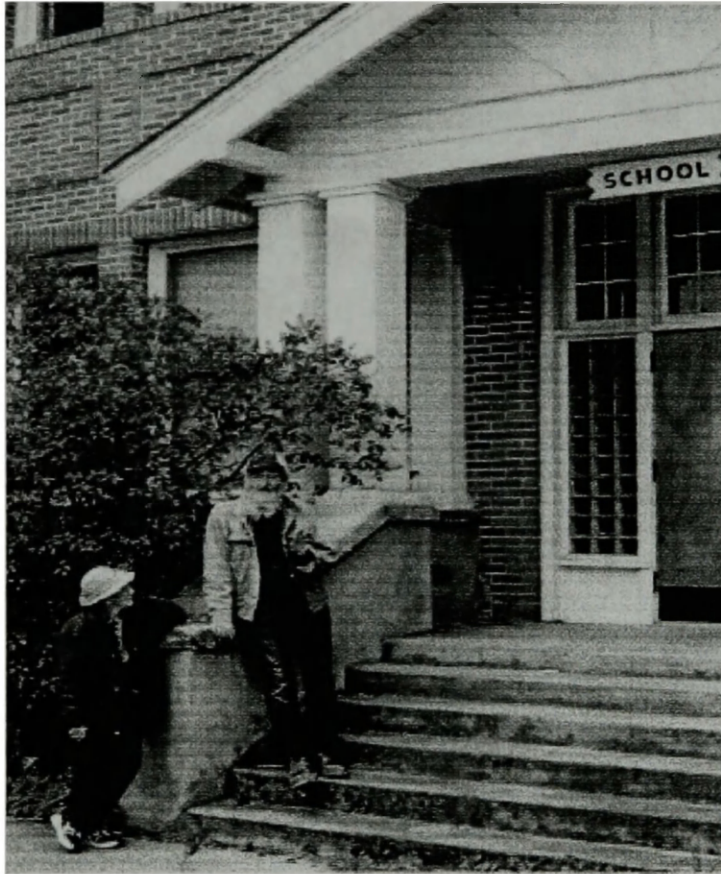
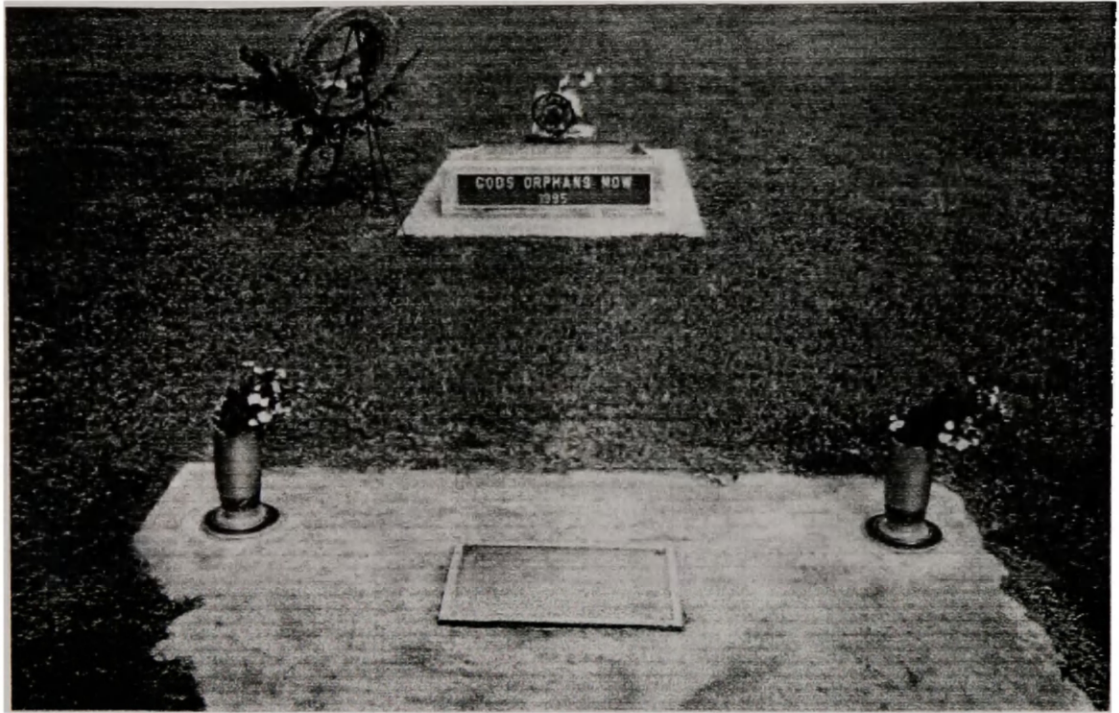


Photo by Steven Schwab
**Shirley McDonald and Henry Lockwood share memories
on the steps of the State Orphans' Home school,
Memorial Day, 2001**



Monument in memory of GOD'S ORPHANS NOW, Twin Bridges, Montana, 1997

There are at least 103 children buried in unmarked graves at the cemetery at Twin Bridges. Through the efforts of Home Kids, the names of 95 children have been identified. Cemetery Project and Reunion organizer Bill Hanley conceived the name for the memorial. After pondering for a week, he thought, "At least God knows their names." Hence, the name GOD'S ORPHANS NOW. ⁴⁴

David Gilligan spoke at the dedication of the memorial. "In an emotional conclusion, while choking back tears, Gilligan said to the group gathered around the Memorial, that through all the trials of his life, 'I always thought of you. You were my family and I love you all.'"⁴⁵

NOTES

1. Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Reverie: Childhood, Language, and the Cosmos*, (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969), 135.
2. Bachelard, 104.
3. Marc Polonsky, *The Poetry Reader's Toolkit: A Guide to reading and Understanding Poetry* (Lincolnwood: NTC Publishing Group, 1998), 72.
4. Polonsky, 79.
5. Meetings of Executive Board (June, 1939), Feb. 7, 1934 - Feb. 3, 1944, Series No. 95, Box 4, Montana Children's Center, Montana State Archives, Montana Historical Society, Helena, MT.
6. Montana Historical Society Archives, RS95, Box 7, Folder 21, Montana Historical Society, Helena, MT.
7. Ibid.
8. State Orphans' Home now called Montana Children's Center, 4, Montana Historical Society Archives, RS95, Box 7, Folder 21, Montana Historical Society, Helena, MT.
9. State Orphans' Home now called Montana Children's Center, 3.
10. Margaret Wiedman, OH 1627, Side A, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
11. Piipo Brothers (Jack, Walt, Ken), OH 1641, Side A, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
12. Clifford Dale Elergy, OH 1640, page 9, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
13. Meetings of Executive Board (December 6, 1935).
14. Harold Freedman, OH 1634, Side A, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
15. Noel Freedman, OH 1633, Side B, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
16. Meetings of Executive Board (February 2, 1935).
17. Harold Freedman, OH 1634, Side B, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
18. Meetings of Executive Board (November 5, 1935).
19. Meetings of Executive Board (December 30, 1935).
20. Meetings of Executive Board (April 4, 1936).
21. Meetings of Executive Board (June 2, 1936).
22. Clifford Dale Elergy, OH 1640, page 11, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
23. Meetings of Executive Board (October, 1936).
24. Meetings of Executive Board (November, 1936).
25. Meetings of Executive Board (December, 1936).
26. Noel Freedman, OH 1633, Side A, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
27. Meetings of Executive Board (April 1, 1937).

28. Meetings of Executive Board (November 2, 1937).
29. Meetings of Executive Board (April 5, 1938).
30. Fred Wentz, OH 1635, Side A, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
31. Rose Gunkel, "The Orphanage", Sheila Graves, *World*, Wenatchee, WA, April 2, 1995.
32. Meetings of Executive Board (April 4, 1939).
33. Meetings of Executive Board (May 4, 1939).
34. Meetings of Executive Board (June, July, 1939).
35. Meetings of Executive Board (August, 1939).
36. Clifford Dale Elergy, OH 1640, page 14, Montana Historical Society, 1995.
37. Meetings of Executive Board (November 2, 1939).
38. Meetings of Executive Board (April 4, 1940).
39. Meetings of Executive Board (March, 1941).
40. Meetings of Executive Board (April 3, 1941).
41. Meetings of Executive Board (June, 1941).
42. Perry Backus, "Orphans find family at Twin Bridges reunion", *The Montana Standard*, August 14, 1997.
43. Lockwood interview, 2001.
44. Bill Hanley, *God's Orphans Now*, 9, Twin Bridges, MT.
45. Hanley, 15.